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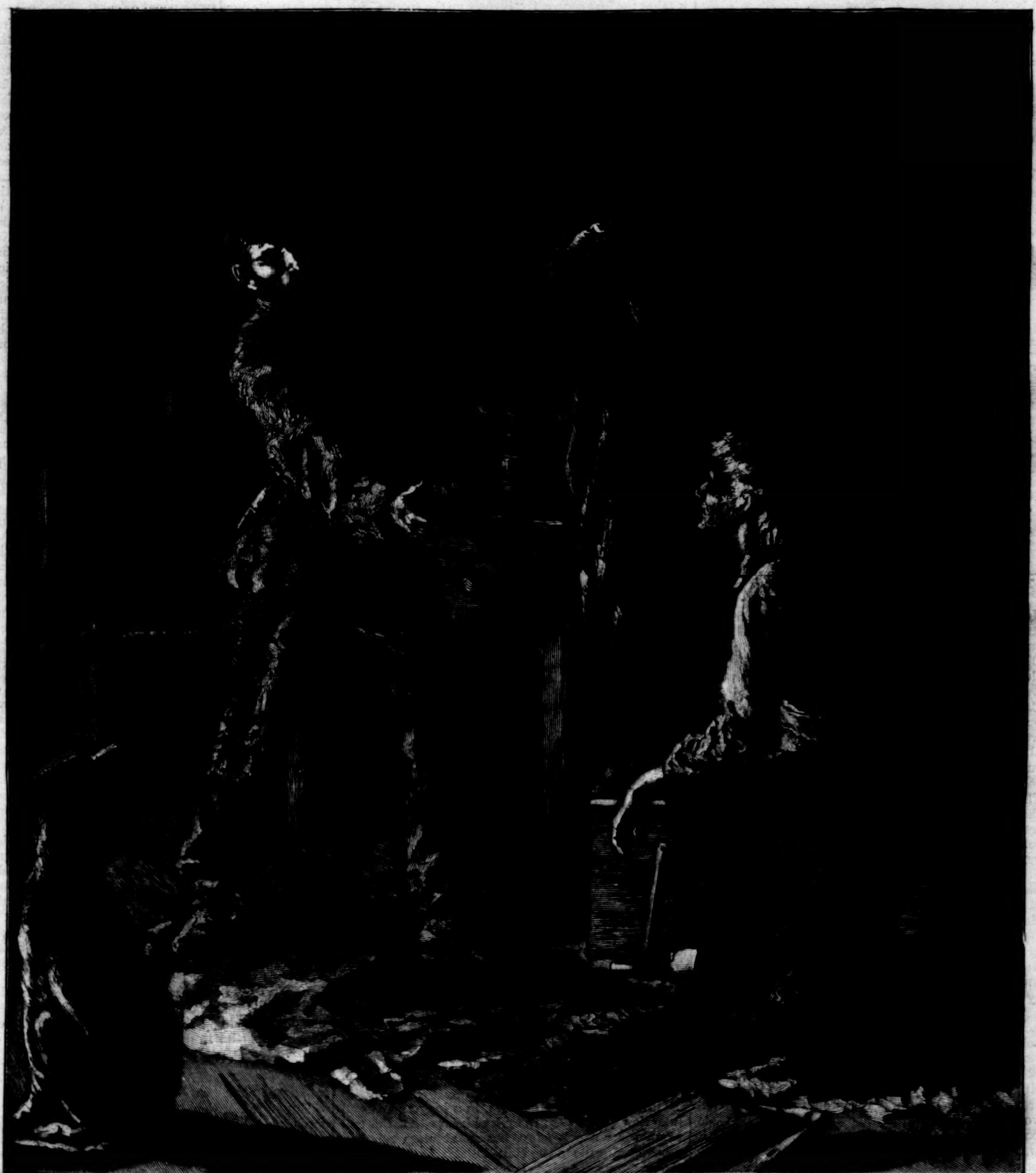

"I'LL NEVER TOUCH A DROP OF LIQUOR, SICK OR WELL, LIVING OR DYING, SO HELP ME, GOD!"

[SEE "HOW JOHN NORTON KEPT HIS CHRISTMAS," IN SUPPLEMENT.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1883.

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THE TARIFF AND THE PARTIES.

IT would seem to be a truism that the policy of protection and that of free trade are irreconcilable, and that a party can not stand for both. But the Democratic press recoils from the admission that the election of Mr. CARLISLE signifies the adoption of a free-trade policy by the Democratic party, and Mr. CARLISLE'S speech upon taking the chair deprecated public apprehension that rash legislation to promote free trade would be undertaken. It is now, indeed, alleged that he means only to favor measures to secure the remainder of the reduction of the revenue contemplated by the report of the Tariff Commission. That is to say, he would carry out a scheme begun by the Republicans, but he would carry it out in a free-trade and not in a protective manner. This is consonant with much that is said in the Democratic papers. Is that the Democratic programme? Do they propose to go to the country, not as a free-trade party, but as a non-protective tariff party? The speech of Mr. CARLISLE and the tone of the Democratic press show plainly that they do not believe that the country would sustain a free-trade policy. Upon what grounds, then, do they suppose it would sustain the first steps toward a free-trade policy? Or do they mean to hold that they are not free-traders, but merely friends of a revenue tariff?

The word "revenue," however, is chosen as opposed to "protective." It implies a tariff designed solely to raise revenue, and adjusted to avoid protection as in itself an evil. The party which takes this position must be held to take it honestly, and the position, as the *Sun* says, is that of just as much free trade as is possible under the circumstances. To advocate this, however, is to be practically a free-trade party. When the Republican party was formed it was an antislavery party. It did not, indeed, propose the immediate abolition of slavery in the States, but it opposed its extension into the Territories. And it did this with the hope and expectation that it would lead to the complete destruction of the slave system in the Union. In the same way a free-trade policy, in the existing situation, does not necessarily mean the immediate abolition of the Custom-house; it means tariff revision in a sense hostile to the protective principle. The first honest thing for the Democratic majority in the House to do is to show precisely what the Democratic position is. The party can not hope to succeed by "hedging," or by trying to differ as little as possible from the other party. As we have often said, the Democratic effort to obtain power as an honester, more economical, and more sagacious party than the Republican is simply comical. To make its traditions and general character its platform would be inconceivably ludicrous. Its only hope of success would lie in trying to be accepted as the sincere advocate of some intelligible policy. That this would be enough to secure the prize we do not say, but it is the only promising course to pursue. The first step in this endeavor must be to state clearly its hope and purpose upon the tariff question. If it favors a revision of the tariff with incidental protection, it holds a Republican position. If it favors a revision hostile to incidental protection, it is to the common apprehension a free-trade party. And it ought not to repudiate the name. The alternative, indeed, can not be agreeable to the party, because, if it takes the first course, it "throws up the sponge" for '84; and if it takes the second, it invites a reconstruction of parties, with a long contest for the supremacy of the free-trade principle.

But neither the Democratic nor the Republican party is organized upon the question of a tariff. And here is the fatal difficulty. A vital issue like this can not be taken up by an existing party and made its paramount policy without practically dissolving the party. Revenue reform is a desirable object, but the Democratic party does not stand for it, and should the Democratic revenue reformers obtain control of their party, and make such reform its chief policy, it would be at the cost of an immense secession, equivalent to a rupture and dissolution of what is now known as the Democratic party. There could be no hope of practical success except by union with Republican revenue reformers, and that would produce a new party. The antislavery triumph was impossible while the Whig and Democratic parties endured. It became practicable only when great bodies of Whigs and Democrats regarded that issue as of more importance than their old party attachments. We do not believe that a similar point has been reached in the tariff agitation. Important as the question is, it is not generally accepted as paramount, and it will not, in our opinion, generally control party conventions next year. As yet, certainly, we see no reason to suppose that Democratic protectionists like Mr. RANDALL and his friends are ready to leave their party even if it should make an exclusive revenue tariff its platform, or that Republican revenue reformers are ready to help the familiar old Democratic party into power because it might declare for an anti-protective revision of the tariff. If the Democratic free-traders in the House should take a decisive position upon the question at this session they would divide their own party, and take a step toward the reconstruction of parties. If, however, they should pursue the usual Democratic course of shirking and dodging, the Presidential contest would turn upon the comparative merits of the two parties and the public confidence in them—an ordeal from which Republicans do not shrink.

MORMONISM.

THE President says in his Message that the law of the last Congress has practically failed as yet to remedy the trouble in Utah, and he adds:

> "I am convinced, however, that polygamy has become so strongly intrenched in the Territory of Utah that it is profitless to attack it with any but the stoutest weapons which constitutional legislation can fashion. I favor, therefore, the repeal of the act upon which the existing government depends, the assumption by the national legislature of the entire political control of the Territory, and the establishment of a commission with such powers and duties as shall be delegated to it by law."

To this the *News*, the Mormon organ in Salt Lake City, replies:

> "The President's Message will be hailed by the hireling clergy with pleasure, and will receive an amount of popular support. It is not shown in what way the destruction of our local government would affect the question of polygamy. The plural marriages of the Mormons are not recognized by the Territorial laws, and could not be dissolved by commissions, by edicts, by armies, or other earthly power. They are ecclesiastical, perpetual, and eternal. Until the Mormons become recreant to their faith with high Heaven these unions will be recognized by the Almighty Being, who established them for the benefit of His people and the fullness of His glory. The President's remarks on Utah polygamy will not add force to his Message nor credit to his statesmanship. They are a sop to bigots and breath to the flame of popular passion. It is doubtful if it will have a practical bearing on Congress. It will certainly create no commotion among the God-fearing people of Utah."

Governor MURRAY, of Utah, in a long and careful interview reported in the *Herald*, says that the real trouble is not polygamy, but an absolute religious despotism hostile to the United States, to the spirit of the government and the letter of the laws, and which, while defying the authority of the government, is biding its time for trying armed conclusions with the national power. As Mormonism is spreading into neighboring territory, the question of dealing with it is one of immediate importance.

The Mormons are chiefly recruited from the most ignorant foreigners. They are secluded in a wilderness in the very heart of the country, entirely beyond the assimilating influence of the national life, and compose a trained host of religious fanatics with purposes, interests, and feelings wholly alien and hostile to those of the United States. One of the articles of their religious faith consecrates a practice which is made criminal by the laws of the United States, and which is designed to secure their rapid increase. Polygamy is absolutely incompatible with American civilization, and a religious despotism controlling civil and political relations is fatal to American polity. It is obvious, then, that the President speaks only the truth in saying that it must be attacked with the stoutest weapons that constitutional legislation can fashion. This, however, does not necessarily mean armed suppression. To say that the matter must be left to itself is to say that if a host of foreigners encamp in Washington Territory, and profess systematic murder of strangers as an article of religious faith, the matter should be left to itself. It is true that the plural wives probably consent to the relation, but it is equally true that polygamy, no less than murder, is under our laws a penal offense.

The Constitution vests the government of the Territories in the Congress of the United States. If the Congress finds that the rules which have been adopted for the government of Utah merely strengthen the hostility of the Mormons to the United States by giving the exclusive political authority to its enemies, it may wisely revoke those rules, and resume direct control, even if it can do no more. Such a course would not of itself abolish polygamy, indeed, nor would it be an act of oppression toward well-disposed citizens. But it would encourage those who are friendly to the national authority, and it would relieve the government of its present pusillanimous attitude of apparent acquiescence in flagrant defiance of its authority. Meanwhile Mr. EDMUNDS writes to the National League for the Suppression of Polygamy that the committee intend to propose amendments, of which they gave notice when the bill was passed, and which he has no doubt, "with good administration, without which all laws are useless, we shall gradually extirpate the crime." For this proposed legislation the country will wait with great interest and anticipation.

THE ELECTORAL COUNT.

THE President's Message recalls to the attention of Congress the unsatisfactory condition of "momentous questions" relating to the Presidential succession. The President properly alludes to the circumstances of his own accession, when his death or inability would have left the government without a constitutional head. The delicate question of the method of determining the "inability" of a President is still unsettled. But nothing commended President ARTHUR more closely to the confidence and respect of the country than his wise and honorable conduct during President GARFIELD'S actual inability. His course was in the highest degree patriotic. But there are men in public life who would be capable, under similar circumstances, of a course which would involve a civil convulsion. It is the duty of Congress to heed the recommendation of the President, and to guard against such possibilities.

A still more pressing question of this kind is that of the count of the Presidential vote. In 1876-7 a civil war was avoided by the patriotic action of Congress. It was an emergency in which the conduct of Mr. RANDALL and that of Mr. TILDEN will be always mentioned with honor. It is an emergency which is possible at every election, and should it occur in 1885, a similar pacific solution can not be reasonably anticipated. A close or doubtful result would easily precipitate an armed conflict.

This can be avoided by a simple provision which has been presented to Congress more than once, and which involves no party advantage to either side. Such a plan as that proposed by Mr. EDMUNDS would secure the constitutional purpose of respecting the State authority in the election, and annul all risk of actual trouble. Objections to an electoral certificate are readily made, and where the result of the election would be affected they will certainly be made. Such objections will under such circumstances be made in 1885. Will Congress have the good sense to provide a satisfactory method of settlement? The President has done his duty; the country may reasonably expect both parties in the Senate and the House to do theirs.

CHARITY ORGANIZATION.

THE object of the Charity Organization Society in the city of New York should be distinctly understood. There are some three hundred and more charitable associations in the city, besides five hundred denominational associations, and the ordinary public charities, as they are called. There are also thousands of benevolent persons who wish to relieve deserving poverty and actual suffering, but who are aware of the enormous imposture which is practiced in the name of want and in the form of beggary, and who fear to give lest they make the situation worse, and merely encourage fraud. It seems very hard not to give

alms to an apparent sufferer. But nobody has a right to forget in an effusion of sentimental emotion that there is no greater wrong to honest labor than to reward idleness and swindling. Ignorant alms-giving, which is simply indolent self-indulgence, teaches that skillful lying and laziness can get more money in a day than honest labor.

This is a triple wrong: to the beggar, in whom it destroys self-respect and honesty; to the industrious worker, whom it seduces to desert honest industry for lying and criminal beggary; and to society, by degrading character and perpetuating pauperism and crime, leading to the enormous increase of taxation, which comes at last from the honest and industrious poor man. In a great city, therefore, where it is absolutely impossible personally to know the truth about beggars, or personally to inquire into the facts about the dozen or score who daily beset the passenger in the street or apply at the door, some kind of agency is indispensable, unless a man should sternly refuse to do his charitable duty, or should insist upon doing a great wrong by giving without knowledge. But if he selects some one of the existing societies of relief as his agency, he will find that they also suffer from the want of mutual understanding. The deception which deals with the individual giver misleads the associations also, and sometimes a dozen of them are relieving the same person. The waste of money in this way is immense, and one of the primary objects of the Charity Organization Society is to foster harmonious co-operation among the existing societies, and to prevent the evils of this confusion and overlapping of relief.

It proposes also to investigate thoroughly, and without charge, all cases which are referred to it, to report fully to the person or society that desires the inquiry, and to provide friendly visitors to take in actual charge such cases as require such attention. Besides this, while the society does not directly dispense alms in any form, it will ask relief from the proper associations and individuals for deserving cases, it will procure work for the poor who are capable of helping themselves in some degree, and it will expose and prosecute impostors. This last point is very important. For under the circumstances of a great city the disposition to trade upon charitable feeling is so great that counterfeit societies arise, professing to be charitable agencies, the object of which is simply to furnish a comfortable support to the managers. Several of these have been exposed by vigorous and striking revelations in the *Herald*, and by the action of the Board of Charities. The charitably disposed, who do not avail themselves of the agency of a denominational society which they know, should seek the agency of the Society for Relief, at 79 Fourth Avenue, or that of the Charitable Organization Society, at 64 Madison Avenue. Those who doubt and hesitate must not forget that a vast amount of what seems to them deserving and suffering poverty is a kind of organized fraud, which can be successfully encountered only by organized inquiry. The fraud, indeed, does not dispense anybody from the duty of charitable relief to the honest sufferers, of whom there are only too many. But it is quite as imperative a duty not to encourage a vast system of swindling.

DR. DEWEY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE *Autobiography and Letters of Orville Dewey, D.D.*, edited by his daughter, is a delightful picture of a very celebrated preacher and a very interesting man. He began his ministry as colleague of Dr. CHANNING, and he was settled afterward in New Bedford and New York. Born in Sheffield, in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, the peaceful village seemed always to be his heart's home. He finally returned to it when past sixty, and for the last twenty years of his life he lived in the house in which he was born, and there he died.

Dr. DEWEY was never in vigorous health, and was obliged to take frequent rests, but he lived to be eighty-eight years old, and only toward the very end did his mind and spirits share the decline of his body. He was a man of the deepest religious feeling and exquisite sensibility, and his emotional temperament made him a singularly fervent and persuasive preacher. Forty years ago his church in New York, on Broadway, opposite the New York Hotel, and now changed into a theatre, was the most thronged in the city on Sunday evenings, to hear a doctrine and an eloquence to which New York was unaccustomed.

The letters in this volume, full of gayety, ease, observation, and often of profound feeling, reveal a most affectionate nature and a very lovable man. They are a charming contribution to the literature of letters. The book is of fitting size, the editor, who has done her work most modestly and happily, having been conscious that a selection was all that was possible, and the selection she has made with admirable taste and discretion. Dr. DEWEY'S autobiographic picture of retired rural New England life at the beginning of the century is very valuable, and the book is a notable addition to the best American biographies.

THE NEW DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

THE community learned with sincere regret that Mr. PECKHAM was forbidden by his health and the imperative warning of his physician to undertake the severe duties of the District Attorney's office, and he resigned after a very few days. Governor CLEVELAND, in pursuance of his policy of selecting the fittest man for the important office, immediately appointed Mr. PETER B. OLNEY as his successor.

Mr. OLNEY is a man of whom the best expectations may be justly entertained. An excellent lawyer, an upright and public-spirited citizen, a man in the vigorous prime of life, and familiar with municipal affairs, he takes office at a time when firmness and promptness and sagacity can be of the utmost public service. There is no reason to doubt that the expectations of a just and efficient administration of the office which were awakened by the appointment of his immediate predecessor will be fulfilled by Mr. OLNEY. He has the character, the ability, and the purpose to do the work of thorough municipal investigation which is now universally demanded by all good citizens.

In both the appointments to the District-Attorneyship the Governor has shown his earnest desire to serve the public and not the mere politicians, and he is entitled to the hearty thanks of this community.

"I SAY NO."

OUR readers will gladly welcome the return to our columns of an old friend WILKIE COLLINS, who begins in this issue a new story. Those who recall the eager and absorbed interest with which they awaited from week to week the unfolding of the strange mystery of *The Woman in White*, or the weird and fascinating plot of *The Moonstone*, will take up with singular curiosity the thread of the new labyrinth, sure that, if the magician has not lost his cunning, they have before them a continuous interest and pleasure until that thread shall lead them to the very heart of the mystery, and that most melancholy word to the true novel-reader—*Finis*.

A GALLERY OF DELIGHTS.

THERE is no more interesting resort in the city during the holiday season, and none more worthy of the attention of citizens and strangers, than the Loan Exhibition at the National Academy of Design for the benefit of the pedestal fund of the BARTHOLDI statue. It is a collection of the richest and rarest and most famous objects in every branch of art, and of the most curious and exquisite skill.

The interest extends from striking pictures of modern European painters to a large and very valuable assemblage of old and new miniatures, representing famous and beautiful persons; from the marvellous carving of BENVENUTO CELLINI to the elaborate illumination of ancient missals; lace such as the "dear dead women" who stepped stately to the toccatas of GALUPPI in Venice might have worn; wonderful work in gold and silver, Dutch, Italian, and English; tapestries, carving, porcelain, and pottery of every degree—in fine, everything strange, beautiful, costly, and quaint, which has been accumulating in hundreds of families from all countries and times.

It is a place for many visits; and although the objects are private possessions which money can not buy, there are very appropriate memorials of the exhibition and of its object (the statue of Liberty) to be bought at the gallery—fragments of the stone upon which WASHINGTON stood when he was inaugurated, and which is now placed permanently upon the rostrum below the statue in Wall Street.

THE LETTER AND THE SPIRIT.

THE President says in his Message:

"Since the 16th of July last no person has been appointed to the public service in the classified portions thereof except those certified by the Civil Service Commission to be the most competent."

Is the spirit of the reformed system equally observed in the unclassified service? Is there any evasion of the rules themselves by temporary appointments? In any public office were political assessments recently levied despite the law, and under circumstances which virtually compelled payment?

Much beneficial change has been accomplished. The reformed system has become law. But good laws are ineffective without enforcement in their own spirit and for their especial purpose. If such questions as we have suggested point to any actual abuses and evasions of the law, we trust that the Civil Service Commission will bring them to the attention of the President. It is true in this reform as elsewhere that it is the spirit, not the letter, which giveth life, and we shall look with interest to see whether the report of the Commission states that while the classified service has been filled, as the President says, according to the letter, the unclassified has been filled according to the spirit, and that tricks and evasions and abuses have been so far as practicable corrected.

PERSONAL.

IN answer to many inquiries from subscribers, we regret to say that Mr. THOMAS NAST, who still retains his connection with Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, has not yet sufficiently recovered from the severe attack of pneumonia by which he was recently prostrated to give the public the benefit of his genius. We hope, however, that before many months have passed he will be able to resume the pencil with which he has done such vigorous and noble work in the cause of the Union and in support of an honest and enlightened administration of national, State, and municipal government. The public will be glad to learn that, should his health permit, Mr. NAST will deliver some lectures during the course of the winter.

—The attention of the managers of "church sociables" is directed at the present moment by the recent disclosures of the HIGBIE-VAUGHAN trial at New Utrecht, Long Island, to the possible and actual osculatory opportunities of those popular and pleasing entertainments, and the old subject of the propriety of permitting games of chance seems to have become uninteresting. It would be curious to inquire how far the promiscuous kissing brought to light at the aforesaid trial might justly be regarded by our foreign censors as a national characteristic.

—The Princess LOUISE is a contributor to the annual exhibition of the London Society of Painters in Water-Colors. The critic of the *Standard* expresses himself guardedly: "Perhaps the most significant comment on the Princess LOUISE'S 'Off Greenhithe' is to say that it struck us before we discovered that it was by a royal hand."

—It is not generally remembered that M. BARTHOLDI'S project of erecting a statue of Liberty in New York Harbor originated at the termination of our civil war, and was intended by him, and by the distinguished French statesmen who seconded his proposal, to commemorate the freedom of American slaves. The intervention of the Franco-German war has caused the long delay in the execution of the artist's purpose. The site on Bedloe's Island was chosen by M. BARTHOLDI himself during his last visit to this country, a few days previous to his marriage to an American lady in Newport.

—Mr. ELIHU VEDDER, though principally known as a painter, is a sculptor as well, and some fine specimens of his plastic skill are to be seen in the large iron plates used to back the fire-openings of several Boston hearths. These plates are bass-reliefs of *bizarre*, mythical heads, modelled with characteristic dash and strength. The very remunerative business of decorating the interiors of private houses is now engaging the attention of a large proportion of the best American painters and sculptors. Artists who, a few years ago, would have considered it beneath their dignity to paint a frieze or to design a mantel, are glad to exercise their genius in this direction. History repeats itself.

—A correspondent of a leading London journal writes: "It is well known that gangs of American card sharpers, 'bunco men,' and swindlers of different kinds pick up a very good living by crossing the Atlantic; and the first-class Atlantic liners, which are supposed to carry the wealthier class of passengers, scarcely make a trip without some of the passengers being fleeced. The victims of these sharpers are generally Englishmen, but I have known heavy sums to be lost by Americans who prided themselves on being more than usually 'cute.'" It is said that Mr. OSCAR WILDE, after his experience in a New York "bunco" den, did not lose any money at cards on his last voyage.

—The Rev. WILLIAM W. DE HART, of Walden, New York, gives the following explanation of the affair which resulted in his resignation of the rectorship of St. Andrew's Church in that town: "I had been invited to spend the evening at my chorister's house, and when the chorister struck his wife I laid my hand on his shoulder, with the remark, 'My friend, you must not strike a woman in my presence.' The man then turned and struck me full in the face. When this occurred, forgetting for the moment that I was a clergyman, and in the heat of passion, acting only as a man, I returned the blow, and returned it with the force and skill which I learned at college." Will this incident be made use of by those who believe that in some of our colleges undue attention is given to the study of athletics?

—The "unbidden guest" who created some excitement at Mr. W. H. VANDERBILT'S reception on the 11th of December said to the police authorities, after his arrest: "I stood for hours on the sidewalk watching the dancing lights inside. Suddenly a curtain was for a moment pulled aside, and the glimpse I caught of a bed of roses made me wild to get near them. I love flowers. I went to the door: it was open. I could smell the roses so plainly that, taking advantage of the absence of the doorman, I slipped in, and picking up two chairs, so that I might be thought a servant, I walked upstairs. I did not want to steal, but I did want to see the magnificent display of flowers." The man was discharged, although no stock was taken in his story. Their inordinate passion for flowers may yet lead our city tramps to wear button-hole bouquets.

—Mr. FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD, who has long been on terms of intimacy with the leading literary celebrities of New England, has written an interesting biographical sketch of Mr. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, showing the relations of that poet not only to the literature of his times, but to the work of emancipating the slave population of the United States. Mr. WHITTIER'S art has not been for art's sake alone. He has sung with a purpose.

—Says the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "A curious report got about a few days ago, to the effect that Mr. WILKIE COLLINS was about to publish a novel in the [London] *Times*, of all papers in the world. This was palpably absurd. We hear that the novel is to appear in certain weekly newspapers, and in monthly parts in *Time*. It is said that Mr. WILKIE COLLINS'S novels are so popular with the natives of Bengal who can read English, that it is proposed to translate all of them into the Bengali language for the benefit of those who can not. *The Woman in White* is already in course of translation."

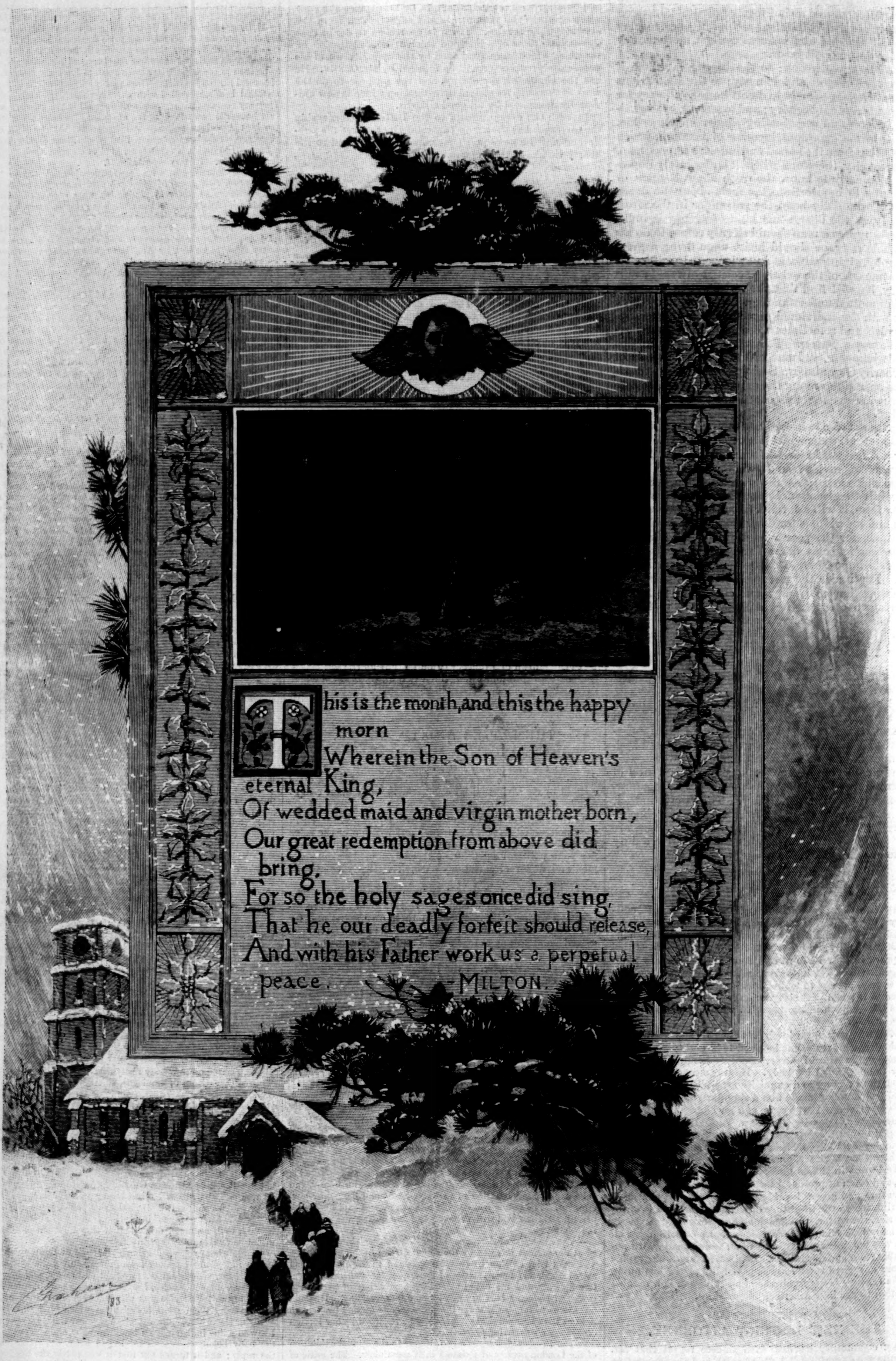
—Has a physician a right to use hospital patients for other purposes than those tending to their own benefit, without their free and full consent? Except in the case of those who have forfeited their right by crime (replies the *Medical Times*), no enlightened thinker can justifiably maintain that one body is more worthless than another, and it is strange to find medical men familiar with the republicanism of the *post-mortem* table upholding such a distinction. If it is still allowable to make experiments on the poor without their full consent which it would not be thought justifiable to make on the rich, then all the political struggles of the past century have been in vain so far as regards any lesson which those who make such a claim have derived from them. Too much stress can not be laid on the fact that the main use of hospital patients is one of observation, not of experiment.

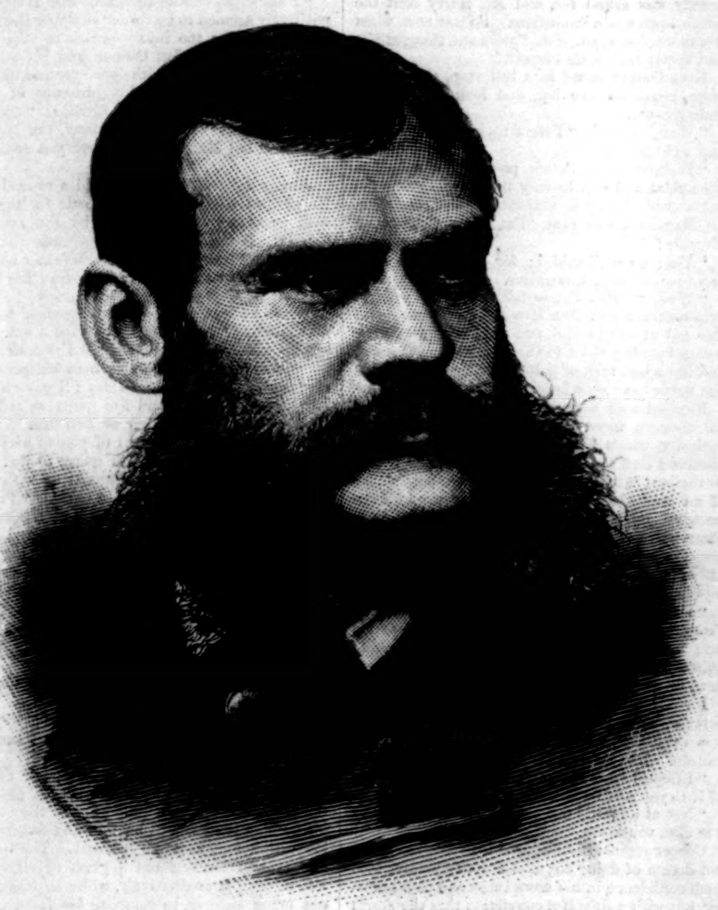
—An Italian professor has been examining a comet now showing itself above Italy. He recognizes it as a comet discovered in 1812, which is returning, after being 600,000,000 miles distant from the sun. It is travelling so fast that by the 8th of January it will be 32,000,000 miles nearer the earth than the sun is. The professor regrets that as yet it has only the rudiments of a tail.

—M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER denies that on hearing of the first disasters to the French army in 1870 he exclaimed, "It is the end of France." What he did say was (he says), "It is all over with the Empire." "I affirm, and I shall demonstrate," he adds, "that to lose the Army of the Rhine, the most heroic, the most disciplined, the most thoroughly ready that France ever had since the Army of the Camp of Boulogne, such an accumulation of gross blunders was necessary that, even intentionally, they could not be repeated a second time."

—Mr. GLADSTONE in 1860 thought it would be a great boon to England to have the cheap wines of France, and in arranging a commercial treaty to that effect he expected to promote the interests of temperance by substituting cheap wines for the strong liquors. At a recent conference of the Women's Union of the Church of England Temperance Society, the Rev. Canon ELLISON expressed a hope that Mr. GLADSTONE would cause that treaty to be repealed, since its effect had been "precisely opposite" to that which had been intended. Dr. NORMAN KERR lamented the increase of "female intemperance" in London. Many of his lady patients, he said, took so much drink that if they went out-of-doors they would be unable to walk straight.

—"Go where you will," said the Marquis of Lorne recently, "it is very difficult to get away from Scotchmen. I was on the coast of Labrador, visiting an encampment of Indians, and being then young in Canadian service, I wanted to see a pure-blooded Indian. I said to the friend who was with me, 'Make the man of purest blood among them come here;' upon which he shouted out in French, 'Come here, McDONALD.' Very near the Rocky Mountains I saw in a fine Indian lodge a beautiful baby, and I asked to whom the baby belonged—was it an Indian baby. 'Part Injun,' was the reply; and it turned out that it was partly the product of a Scotch engineer. In Nova Scotia I found a Highland woman, who could talk nothing but Gaelic, cultivating a very successful farm, while her husband could speak nothing but Italian. I have no doubt that the successful management was due to the fact that they had the ordinary Canadian family of about twenty children, who no doubt were able to act as interpreters."


This is the month, and this the happy
morn
Wherein the Son of Heaven's
eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did
bring,
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual
peace. -MILTON.



DISTRICT-ATTORNEY PETER B. OLNEY.—Photographed by Sarony.—[See Page 811.]

THE REV. W. R. HUNTINGTON, D.D., THE NEW RECTOR OF GRACE CHURCH. Photographed by Claflin.—[See Page 815.]

THIRLBY HALL.

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(*Continued.*)

PAULINA ENTERS SOCIETY.

The Rector hurried away to intercept his daughter, who at this moment came out of the house, attended by two or three of the local gilded youth. Apparently he had some little difficulty in shaking off these young gentlemen; but after a time he succeeded, and Maud walked across the lawn toward me with a smile of welcome upon her lips.

"My father says you are anxious to talk to me," she began, after we had shaken hands.

"I am always anxious to talk to you," I replied; "but, in the present instance, I believe it is rather your father who wants you to talk to me. He thinks it desirable that Harry and his wife should be made to leave Thirlby, and he has taken it into his head that I am the man to bring this about. When I said that I didn't quite see how I was to set to work, he referred me with the utmost confidence to you."

"It strikes me," observed Maud, smiling, "that we have only to leave your cousin and his wife alone, and that they will accomplish their own destruction. If Mr. Le Marchant has not seen enough this afternoon to convince him that they are impracticable, he must be beyond the reach of conviction."

"I can answer for it that he won't turn them out of his house because the neighbors look coldly upon them," said I. "In fact, it is very unlikely that anything would persuade him to turn them out. Yet, if they stay, they will make his life into a perpetual purgatory, I am afraid. What I should like to arrange would be a sort of amicable separation; and I think, if it were clearly understood that Harry was to come into the property eventually, he might consent to remove himself now."

"'GET AWAY, WILL YOU!' RETURNED THE UNGRATEFUL PAULINA, WITH A SWEEPING BACKHANDER."

"Very likely he would," answered Maud; "but you will get no help from me toward making an arrangement of that kind. If you are bent upon hanging yourself, you must fit the noose round your own neck as best you can; I shall not do it for you."

"Nevertheless," I remarked, "you would have a poor opinion of me if I took advantage of Paulina's unlucky exhibition to push my own interests."

Maud made an impatient gesture. "You should remember that you are not the only person concerned in this matter," she said. "As for your cousin, I have no sympathy whatever with him. I have taken every opportunity of watching him since I have been home, and I must say that he appears to me to be as contemptible a little wretch as ever lived."

"Well, for the sake of argument, let us admit that he is," answered I, thinking of what had taken place on the previous evening. "Still, when all is said, he is my uncle's son."

"I can't discuss the question in this public place," said Maud; "it's too long and complicated. Will you come over to the Rectory to-morrow afternoon and see me? Or shall we meet somewhere? Perhaps the Broad would be the best place. I often walk down there in the evening about five o'clock, and we are not likely to be interrupted by anybody, except Bunce. Is that agreed, then?"

I should have preferred her naming any other trysting-place; and I could not repress a pang of regret that she should have no tender associations with a spot which, in spite of all that had come and gone, must always remain sacred to me; but, as our interview was now interrupted by two of the young men above referred to, I could make no demurrer, and only nodded in answer to her inquiring look.

By this time Paulina had returned from the conservatory, having been forsaken by her host, whom I detected furtively consulting his watch behind a tree. Some of the people were already leaving; I saw with joy that our own carriage had come round from the stable-yard; the close of our trial was at hand; and for the short time that remained I thought I could not do better than engage Paulina in conversation. The attentions of Sir Digby had not availed to soothe her anger, it appeared. She was pacing to and fro like a caged tigress, and swinging her parasol in a manner which suggested she would very much like to bring it down upon somebody's head. I drew nearer, and offered the innocent observation that the days were getting quite short.

"Don't talk to me like that!" shouted Paulina, turning upon me savagely. "Do you think I'm a stock or a stone to put up with such treatment as I've had this afternoon? I won't bear it!—no! not for Harry nor anybody! I tell you I won't bear it!" she repeated, with a stamp of her foot.

She looked so wild that I really believed she had lost her senses. I had always been given to understand that the proper way to deal with the insane is to quell them by a display of iron resolution and authority. I therefore fixed my eyes sternly upon those of my companion, and said:

"Listen to me, Paulina. Unless you command yourself and keep quiet, I shall put you into the carriage and have you driven straight home. If you have anything to complain of, keep it until afterward; you will not be allowed to make a disturbance here."

To my horror and amazement, she took two steps up to me, and snapped her finger and thumb defiantly within half an inch of my nose. "Put me into the carriage, will you?" cried she. "It 'u'd need a bigger man than you to do that, my fine fellow! I dare you to lay a finger upon me! Now, then!"

What I should have done with this terrible woman I can not imagine, if her husband had not providentially heard her voice from afar, and come hurrying up.

"Leave her to me," he whispered—"for the Lord's sake, leave her to me, and take yourself off as quick as you can!"

I waited for no second invitation, but retired with more speed than dignity, promising myself that, so far as I was concerned, Paulina should be left to her lawful protector then and at all future times. When I looked round the pair had already vanished, and I did not see them again until my uncle and Mrs. Farquhar came out of the house and got into the carriage, when they re-appeared—Paulina having by that time subsided seemingly into a condition of stifled fury.

I never felt more relieved in all my life than when I saw them drive away. Harry remained behind, saying that he would walk home with me, if I had no objection. I replied, not overgraciously, that he could if he liked; for I did not want his company, and I thought he would have been better employed in restraining his wife from tearing somebody to pieces. I hinted as much to him as we set off; but he answered, "She'll be quiet enough for the present"; and after that we pursued our way for some distance in silence.

I was feeling too disgusted and disheartened to talk; nor did my companion show any disposition to speak the first word. Thus we marched along side by side until we reached the confines of the park, when Harry remarked, abruptly,

"I suppose you understand all about it now."

It seemed best to have it out; so I said:

"There's a good deal that I *don't* understand. I don't understand your conducting yourself at your father's table as if you were in a pot-house, for instance."

"Suppose we put that on one side for the present. It was inexcusable, of course."

"Quite," said I, having no inclination to spare him.

"Very well; but what I was thinking of was the charming experience that we have just passed through; and I say that I suppose you understand now why I felt some hesitation about introducing Paulina to my family."

I observed that she certainly appeared to have an ungovernable temper.

"It isn't temper," answered Harry, quietly; "it's drink."

So the General was right, after all! Being unable to find any comment that seemed suitable, I held my tongue, and by-and-by Harry resumed:

"Do you mean to say that you have never suspected it? I fancy you are about the only person in the house who has not, unless it is my grandmother, and she is one of those who are blind because they won't see. I knew from the first how it would be. She promised and vowed not to touch a drop of liquor while she was down here, and I took every possible precaution. But of course she has found some means of breaking her word: they always do. And I can tell you that Paulina, when she has one of her drinking fits on, is about as good a candidate for a strait-waistcoat as you'll meet with out of Bedlam. It doesn't make her drunk—I wish to Heaven it did!—it simply maddens her."

I said I was very sorry to hear this.

"Are you?" returned Harry, with a harsh laugh. "Well, perhaps you may be; for you are—if you will excuse my saying so—quite the greatest fool I have met in the course of a varied experience. Now don't get angry. If I could begin again, I would much rather be a fool of your description than a—shall we say an experienced person?—of mine. But I am what I am, and there's an end of it. Last night I drank too much wine, and no doubt I said some unpleasant things. I lost my nerve, in fact. In former years I used to drink hard, and though I have given that habit up, the consequences of it have not given me up. I am frightened to death of my father; I always was. I dare say you see nothing very alarming in the fact of being treated with silent contempt; but then your nerves are stronger than mine; and besides, I have lived all these weeks with the perpetual dread of one of Paulina's outbreaks hanging over me. Now that it has come, I declare I feel a weight off my mind. Well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. To-morrow, I take it, we shall receive our marching orders, and you and Lady Constance will be made happy. In all sincerity I can say that I shall be thankful to be out of this. But for the boy, I should never have troubled any of you."

"I think you are jumping to conclusions rather too hastily," I said, feeling sorry for the unfortunate fellow in spite of myself. "I must confess that the experiment of your living with my uncle seems to me to have failed; but perhaps some other arrangement might be made, so that neither you nor Jimmy should be permanently cut adrift. The principal thing just now is to keep Paulina quiet."

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "That is more easily said than done. I tell you plainly it's beyond me. She's not likely to kick up a row before she reaches home, but when once she's there she'll go to the brandy bottle like a fly to a jar of honey, and no power on earth will stop her. You don't know what I have been through with that woman. It wouldn't surprise me in the least if she were to burn the house down to-night."

This was indeed delightful. "What on earth are we to do?" I ejaculated.

"Oh, nothing," answered Harry, placidly; "there's nothing to be done. I'll prevent her from coming down to dinner to-night, if I can; but I don't know that I shall achieve it."

"But, hang it all!" I exclaimed, somewhat provoked by his apathy, "surely you can keep her from drinking any more."

"Indeed I can not. If I could get hold of the bottle, I should confiscate it; but she'll take very good care I don't do that. It will be concealed in one of her boxes, or poked up the chimney, or something. Besides, to tell you the truth, I don't much care about irritating her in her present state of mind. She is in a towering rage; and, upon my word, I don't wonder at it. You must admit that she has had a good deal of provocation this afternoon."

"No doubt," I answered; "still, we mustn't be burned alive. I wonder whether it would do any good if I spoke to her."

"You tried that just now," observed Harry, with a faint smile, "and it was not exactly a success. You are most welcome to try again; only I think I may say that, if I can't manage her, you can't. I tell you I will keep her in her own room for to-night, if I can. To-morrow, most probably, we shall put out to sea again, and then you will all sing 'Te Deum.'"

I said nothing, feeling quite unable to contradict him; and, after a pause, he added, "What a triumph it will be for you all! Everybody will be forced to admit that you have shown the noblest unselfishness, and you will be rewarded by the cordial approval of your own consciences into the bargain. As for me, I also shall have my little consolation; for I shall always be able to tell Paulina now that she has been the ruin of me."

Then, as I still remained silent, he fell to whistling softly, and the rest of our walk was accomplished without further exchange of words.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CATASTROPHE COMES.

As I was on my way upstairs to dress for dinner I was intercepted by Cooper, who addressed me with that disquieting phrase, familiar to most people, "If you please, sir, could I speak to you a moment?" I guessed at once what it was that he had to say, and as soon as I had gone down to the dining-room with him, and he had shut the door with an air of tragic mystery, he justified my forebodings.

"I hope you'll excuse my mentioning it, sir, but are we to supply Mrs. Le Marchant with brandy in her bedroom?"

"Has Mr. Harry given any orders upon the subject?" I inquired; for I was unwilling to make damaging admissions, if they could be avoided.

"No direct orders, sir; but about a week ago brandy was asked for, and Mr. Harry sent the bottle down again immediate. So just now, when it was wanted again, Mrs. Peters she thought she had better take it up herself."

Here Cooper came to a full stop, cleared his voice, stood on one leg, and looked discreetly embarrassed.

"Well," I said; "Peters took up the brandy, and what then?"

"Well, sir, Mrs. Peters poured out a half a wine-glass and was leaving the room, taking the bottle with her, you understand, sir; but Mrs. Le Marchant she says, 'Put down that bottle d'reckly!'"

"Yes; go on," said I; for Cooper had once more paused in his narrative.

"Well, sir, Mrs. Peters felt it her dooty for to remonstrate; and then Mrs. Harry she turns and flies out at her hawful, and frightens her so she comes running down to the housekeeper's room, and has a bad turn of palpitations. She tells me she never hear such language."

Blended with Cooper's assumption of respectful concern there was a perceptible leaven of curiosity, which I determined not to gratify. I observed that Peters, though doubtless animated by the best intentions, seemed to have been guilty of an impertinence which any lady would have resented, and added that I believed Mrs. Le Marchant was not feeling very well. "Did Peters—ahem!—leave the bottle behind her?" I inquired, rather marring the effect of my rebuke by this injudicious question.

"I am sorry to say that she did, sir," replied Cooper. "I ask her how she come to be so foolish; but she said that she was that upset she didn't know whether she was standing on her head or on her heels."

I could but trust that Paulina might not experience the same sensation before the evening was over. "Very well, Cooper," I said; "that will do. It's—it's all right."

"I hope I have not done wrong in mentioning of it to you, sir."

"Not at all; but you needn't mention it to any one else, you know."

Cooper replied in an injured tone that he should not dream of doing so; and I went upstairs with such confidence in his assurances as I could muster, but with a dreadful conviction that the storm was about to burst.

On entering the drawing-room a quarter of an hour later I found my uncle, Mrs. Farquhar, and the General conversing together upon public affairs with a studied politeness and mutual deference which convinced me that they too were alive to the perils of the situation; and an unmistakable expression of relief appeared upon the countenances of all three of them when Harry came in with the announcement that his wife had a bad headache, which would prevent her from joining us at dinner. This, so far as it went, was good news; but I felt that we were not out of the wood yet. I took Harry aside, and hastily informed him of what I had heard from Cooper; whereat he whistled, and, after hesitating for a moment, left the room. When he re-appeared it was with a quiet smile upon his face.

"The deed is done," he took occasion to whisper to me. "I got her to turn her back for an instant, collared the decanter, and bolted, locking the door on the outside. She'll screech and kick like mad when she finds herself a prisoner; but mercifully nobody can hear her at this distance, and she hasn't had enough liquor to make her desperate. Very likely she may sober down now."

One could only hope so; but a vision of Paulina thundering with feet and fists upon the panels of her door remained with me throughout dinner, and caused me extreme discomfort.

For the rest, we got on more harmoniously than we had done the night before. Mrs. Farquhar showed a conciliatory disposition; Harry was quiet and unobtrusive; and the General, who looked, and no doubt was, very well pleased with the turn matters had taken, enlivened us by choice samples of autobiography. As for my uncle, he spoke little until Jimmy came in to dessert, and sat down beside him, when he roused himself from his abstraction.

And then, while we were lulled thus into a false security, the thunder-bolt fell. The door facing me was opened slowly from without; Paulina, wrapped in a white dressing-gown, strode in like the ghost of Banquo, and advancing with deliberate steps to her husband's side, stood and glared down upon him.

"So," said she, "you'll lock me into my room, will you? You'll keep me without food nor drink for fear of me telling too much, will you? Ah, you're a clever one! But next time you try that little game on, don't leave the key in the lock. Why, you silly fool, what had I to do but to ring the bell? I did ring the bell—and here I am, you see," she added, nodding at him.

Perhaps, like many other nervous people, Harry recovered his *sang-froid* in moments of emergency; or perhaps it was the calmness of despair that he had arrived at. "It was an unlucky oversight," he said, "and I owe every one an apology. I ought, of course, to have put the key in my pocket; but one can't think of everything. I suppose it would be quite useless for me to suggest, Paulina, that we should go upstairs and fight it out in private; yet I will request you to bear in mind that I strongly recommend that course, because, if you don't adopt it, you will repent bitterly as soon as you come to your senses, you know."

Paulina snorted. "Much obliged to you; but I won't go upstairs yet—not just yet. I've something to say before I go. And I've got all my senses about me: you took good care of that. Oh, you *are* a mean toad!" she exclaimed, suddenly, the memory of her wrongs coming upon her, I suppose, with irresistible force. "I'll teach you to play me such tricks!"

"I was cruel only to be kind," said Harry, who positively seemed to be rather enjoying the scene.

I myself was too horror-struck to take much notice of the fact that Cooper and his subordinates were looking on with open eyes and mouths; but my uncle had kept his presence of mind. "You can go now, Cooper," he said; "and take Master Jimmy with you. Jimmy, my boy, run away and tell Mrs. Peters to give you some dessert."

Jimmy did not wait to be told a second time. He slipped off his chair and made for the door with great rapidity, followed by the reluctant Cooper. Doubtless he had seen more than one outbreak of hostilities between his father and mother, and was aware that in the sequel the rights of neutrals were apt to be disregarded.

When he was gone, Paulina resumed her denunciation. "Now, you know what I am. I've put up with a deal from you, and I've done a deal for you—and got more kicks than halfpence for my pains, too. But when I say I'll pay you out, you know I'll do it; and I'm going to tell your good friends here a thing or two that 'll make them think rather different of you to what they have done—that's what I'm going to do!" At this juncture the General jumped up with great alacrity and offered Paulina a chair. "Pray sit down," said he, politely; "we are all attention."

"Thank you, old gentleman," answered Paulina; "but I'd as soon stand. I ain't going to be here long."

It was now Mrs. Farquhar's turn to intervene. She rose, and advanced with trembling outstretched hands, saying: "My dear, my dear, don't speak so. Come up with me and lie down upon your bed. You're just overwrought."

"Get away, will you!" returned the ungrateful Paulina, with a sweeping backhander. "I've had enough of you and your wheedling ways. I tell you my blood's up, and you'd best keep out of reach of my arm."

Mrs. Farquhar retreated to her chair and began to cry feebly. My uncle, with his elbow on the table, and his chin supported by the palm of his hand, was gazing at his son and daughter-in-law with a certain grave curiosity. The General had poured himself out a glass of claret, and was sipping it meditatively, while he tried, without much success, to compose his features into an expression of fitting solemnity.

"Now, listen all of you," Paulina began, speaking with a quick, broken utterance; "and you, Charley, pay attention to this, because it concerns you. I suppose, when this precious fellow turned up in Germany, you thought it was an accident. No such thing! He went out there on purpose to meet you, and see if he couldn't get you into trouble with your uncle some way, so as to step into your shoes."

"I am unwilling to interrupt," put in Harry, blandly, "but I feel bound to say that that is utterly untrue."

Paulina disdained to notice him. "He didn't have much difficulty about it neither. As soon as he found out that you was carrying on with that Lady What's-her-name he begun to see his way. It was easy enough to flatter you up and lead you on, and it didn't need a conjurer to guess that your uncle might threaten to cut you off with a shilling sooner than you should marry a woman who'd ruin you in a couple of years. You ask your uncle whether he didn't get warnings of what was going on about that time from some kind friend."

"Anonymous letters," said my uncle, "are always doubtful weapons to use. They are especially so when the source from which they come is obvious."

"I never wrote any," returned Harry, sullenly.

"No; that you didn't," Paulina went on. "You're telling the truth there, for once, because you made me write 'em for you. Oh, you're artful, you are! You didn't think you was going to gain much by them letters. No; your game was to get a will made with your name in it—just as a matter of form, and by way of stopping the marriage. Your game was to make your father cut up rough with Charley, and swear that he'd leave the estate away from him if ever that marriage took place. Your game was to frighten the old woman there by telling her the property was in danger, and to work it all through her. And when you'd told lies enough to get Charley to marry on the sly, you didn't mean that that will should be burnt. You knew the sort of man your father was, didn't you? Recollect what you told me about him one day? Says you, 'He's such a pig-headed old devil that, if he'd given his word to eat his hat unless he was obeyed, he'd sit down and eat it as soon as ever the time came due.' Those was your very words; deny 'em if you can!"

"If you have done," said Harry, "you may as well go back to your room. No one is likely to believe your preposterous story, and no one, I am afraid, can doubt that you are under the influence of liquor."

"Maybe I am," returned Paulina. "Maybe I shouldn't have plucked up the spirit to stand here and say what I have without I'd had a glass or two of brandy. But I've got my senses, for all that, and I've told the truth, too. And if I do drink," she went on, with a sudden change of tone; "if I'm a drunkard—as I am, God forgive me!—whose fault is it? Who taught me to drink? Who drove me to it? Who made my life so miserable that I should have gone and drowned myself times out of mind if I hadn't known of a way to forget it all? Ah!" she exclaimed, turning away from her husband, and spreading out her hands with something of pathetic eloquence, "I'd have been an honest woman if he'd have let me. I tried to keep straight and to keep him straight; I loved him better than my own soul; but he soon tired of me. All he wanted

me for was to do his dirty work. He taught me to lie and cheat, and—and then I lost heart and took to my bottle. After all, it's the best friend I've found in this wretched world. If he had gone on caring for me—" She broke off with a sort of sob, and then resumed defiantly: "But it's too late now, and I don't care! Drink and forget it—that's my motto."

Mrs. Farquhar came out from behind her pocket-handkerchief to say, solemnly: "It is never too late to repent. Pray that your sin may be forgiven you, and—"

"Pooh!" interrupted Paulina, contemptuously, "don't *you* preach! Why, you're committing miserable little sins every hour of the day, and think yourself a saint all the time! Come! I'm honester than you are, anyway. Do you think I haven't prayed on my bended knees to be delivered from this curse?—ah! and read my Bible morning and evening, too. Much you know about temptation! You haven't so much as found out what it is. Why? Because you never tried to fight it. Harry, there, he don't believe in God nor devil, but I do, and I say the devil's got a firm hold of us both."

"This is dreadful!" moaned Mrs. Farquhar.

Paulina burst out laughing. "Well," she said, "I've paid you out now, Harry, like I told you I would. I don't suppose they'll let you stop on here after this, and I believe you are better out of it. Charley, you've been a good friend to us, and I'm sorry I had to deceive you that day at Richmond; but it hasn't made much odds, has it? Good-by, everybody; don't break your hearts when I'm gone." And, with a mocking courtesy, Paulina retired.

The door closed behind her, and for a short space none of us spoke. I don't know how the others were feeling, but my own sensation was one of relief, not unmingled with surprise. The scene had been painful enough—half tragedy, half farce, like nearly all the saddest things in life—but it had passed off with more decorum than I had dared to hope for. We had at least been spared a downright brawl; and if poor Paulina had been—as she had declared herself to be—under the influence of liquor, she had not been sufficiently so as to justify the picture of her in that state drawn by her husband. Of her revelations I did not at that first moment think much, being only too thankful that she had confined her onslaught to words.

After a time, Mrs. Farquhar, murmuring something inaudible, hurried out of the room. Then my uncle got up, and, bending over the General's chair, whispered a few words to him; upon which they too silently withdrew.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WAR CORRESPONDENT IN EGYPT.

Under the most favorable circumstances the lot of a war correspondent is not a happy one. His duties during operations in the field call him to the front ranks of danger, and require of him the highest qualities of courage and endurance. In a war like that now raging in the Soudan between the fanatical hordes that follow the banner of El Mahdi and the imbecile Egyptian troops, he is exposed to privations and dangers tenfold greater than those which he must encounter in a war between civilized nations. To be taken prisoner means a cruel death, or a still more cruel captivity, while the discomforts and positive suffering of the long marches over the desert wastes under a burning sun, as described by the lamented O'Donovan, can hardly be exaggerated.

There are, of course, some pleasant spots in the life of a war correspondent even in the wilds of the Soudan. In letters written home a short time previous to his death he mentions his success in hunting, but couples his description with grave forebodings of the fate which awaited him, and which were too soon fulfilled, when the troops under Hicks Pasha were cut to pieces in an encounter with the hordes of El Mahdi. But for the moment, in the elation and excitement of the sport, all else was forgotten, and the oppressive forebodings came only during the slow return to camp, or when, seated in his tent at night, he looked the gloomy future in the face.

MEMOIRS OF LORD LYTTON.*

Readers of biography have obtained a clearer insight into the lives of literary men within the last three or four years than for a long time before. What Carlyle was they have learned from his autobiography, which is a painful exhibition of vanity and arrogance; and what Trollope was they have learned from his autobiography, which is a delightful revelation of a frank and hearty nature. What another great Englishman of letters was they will shortly learn from *The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton*, by his Son. The interest of this work differs from the interest which attaches to the autobiographies of Trollope and Carlyle in that only the opening portions of it are from the pen of Lord Lytton, and that these cover only the first twenty-three years of his life. They can not be said to end before his literary life began, for that really began in his childhood; but they end before his young and brilliant genius had burgeoned in *Pelham* and *Devereaux*. The genesis of those and his later writings is traced for us by the present Lord Lytton, to whose filial hand we owe the completion of this noble monument to his father. The work is a unity, in spite of its double authorship, and partly, no doubt, on account of it, for there were passages in the life of Lord Lytton the novelist which no one but Lord Lytton the poet could or should relate. Such a passage, for example, was the unhappy marriage of his parents, no clear understanding of which could have been expected from either.

The great charm of Lord Lytton's autobiography is that it is an unconscious revelation of the personality of the writer; not merely the personality which he may be supposed to have inherited as one of the conditions of the rank of life in which he was born, but the profounder personality of his ancestors—the qualities which went to their making as Bulwers and as Lyttons. The families were distinguished for their individuality, for their obstinacy, and for their infelicity in the married state. The grandparents of the first Lord Lytton separated after the birth of their only daughter, and his own parents were by no means a happy couple.

The grandfather was a very learned man, a friend of Dr. Parr, who declared that he was the best Latin scholar of his time, inferior only to Porson in Greek, and to Sir William Jones in Hebrew and the Oriental languages. His forte lay in muddling away his property, and his foible in a great literary work. "Imagine what it was!" his grandson writes. "But that is impossible. In the first place, it was a drama: there seems nothing remarkable in that. Yes; but do not fancy that he deigned, like his unworthy grandson, to write dramas in vulgar English. It was a drama in Hebrew, and, what is more, was intended for the stage. It is said that he afterward burned this work in despair, when complaining to a friend that he could not find Jews sufficiently versed in Hebrew to act it. The friend pertinently observed, 'And if you did, where on earth will you find an audience sufficiently versed in Hebrew to understand it?' At all events, the work was not forth-coming among the scholar's MSS. Even its title is lost. Ichabod! Ichabod!" This pedantic old oddity was the original of Austin Caxton. He sought to be reconciled to his wife on one occasion, and invited her and her child to Knebworth, but she refused his invitation. "My grandmother was so essentially a London woman," Lord Lytton writes, "that to her the dignified gloom of an old manorial pile, far from the charms of quadrille and casino, probably presented anything but an allurement. She was also a woman of that high spirit which fully enjoys the blessings of liberty and independence. She drove with her own fair hands (I mention this as emblematic of her whole character) a tall phaeton and pair; and in this equipage she transported herself as she listed from London to Bath, and from Bath to London. So great was her confidence in herself that one dark evening, having to return from some excursion across Hounslow Heath—at that time infested by highwaymen—she laughed to scorn the warnings she received on the road and the terrors of her two men-servants, and in the very centre of the heath was stopped by three foot-pads. She held one a moment in parley, and threw him off his guard, flicked the other in the eye, drove gallantly over the third, and arrived in London with spirits sufficiently composed to dress for a party, and relate her adventure, in illustration of the truth that a woman with her wits about her, and the whip-hand disengaged, is a match for three men any day in the year."

The personality of young Mr. Edward George Earle Bulwer, as it manifests itself in the autobiography of Lord Lytton, is by no means the personality of *Pelham* and *Devereaux*, into which he infused his intellect, but not his character, and in no sense the personality in which the young Thackeray of *Fraser's Magazine* clothed Sir Edward Lytton Bulwig. No coxcomb, no dandy, no mere man of fashion, ever had his acquirements and his ambitions. A great reader from his boyhood, he was a careful student in many directions. If he had deliberately planned the life that he afterward led, he could not have equipped himself for it more thoroughly than he did by his desultory studies. He was a patient scholar, and once the passion for literary distinction was aroused within him, there was no more patient writer; he wrote and rewrote until he had learned to say what he had to say with equal eloquence and correctness. He never penned a slovenly line. His darling ambition was to be a poet, but in this he was disappointed all his life; for though he reached a high level of verse in "King Arthur," the world has refused to recognize him as an English poet. The main source of his inspiration was his own life and experience, and as these evaded his poetic powers, he moulded them in the form which is most nearly allied to poetry—that of romantic prose fiction—and by the laborious exercise of his creative and critical faculties made himself the first romantic novelist of England. Great names have risen since he published his first novels, and the manner of writing novels, which he was the first to make an art, has changed. He was followed by Dickens and Thackeray, and they by Trollope and George Eliot. The romantic novel has given place to the novel of humor and pathos, the novel of social satire, the novel that photographs life, and the novel that philosophizes about life. His school has had its day, as the schools of Scott and Smollett and Fielding had their day. But it will be remembered, as theirs are remembered, as an important movement in the history of English letters in the nineteenth century.

The character of Lord Lytton, as depicted by himself in his autobiography, and by his son in his memoir, is one that commands respect. He was a man of the world in the best sense of the phrase. Conscious of his powers, he determined to make the most of them; and having chosen literature as a profession, he pursued it with all his might. He valued his work, but he was not vain of it, for, knowing his strength and his weakness, he was neither boastful nor diffident. His industry, which was as untiring as that of Trollope, never degenerated into prosiness; and his wit, which was as brilliant as that of his friend Disraeli, was never cynical or heartless. That his observation was keen but kind is evident in the judgments that he passed upon his contemporaries. Here is what he said of Lord Holland, who did not, he thought, quite deserve the eulogies of Macaulay: "He was very accomplished and well read; but his mind was narrowed by intense partisanship in politics and the contracted views in criticism and philosophy which belonged to the French Revolutionary school. In his good-nature there was something indolent and frigid. Lady Holland had more energy and more warmth of nature. He would serve a friend if it did not put him out of his way. She would go out of her way to serve one. No English house ever excelled theirs in social charm, but it owed more to Lady Holland than to him." Lord Lytton enjoys the distinction of being the only Englishman who ever said a pleasant word for her insolent ladyship, of whom it was remarked that to find any good in her was to find the soul of goodness in things evil. When Lord Lytton shall have finished the *Life* of his illustrious father we shall have, I judge, from what I have of it, a biography that will rank with Trevelyan's *Macaulay* and Lockhart's *Scott*.

R. H. Stoddard.

* *The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton.* By his Son. With Portraits and Illustrations. Volume I. Harper & Brothers.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

An Honorable Ambition.—A Pitiable Case.—A Progressive Mayor.—The Claimant.—Misdirected Zeal.—The Rage for Relics.

I always wondered why great advertisers who spend their thousands a year upon our newspapers, and even our dead-walls, do not go to the comparatively small expense of getting their announcements written in good English. My only explanation of their marvellous compositions is that the proprietors write them themselves. "We may not be literary gents," I think, is their reflection, "but we at all events write something which shall obtain the honors, and much more than the usual honors, of print, and if people don't read it they must be blind." Well, there is something in that: an honorable ambition deserves to be gratified. Dear, charitable Leigh Hunt used to affirm that there was great excuse for the people who write their names on objects of public exhibition, statues and the like; it was "a humble effort after immortality." Let us be tender, therefore, with the great advertisers: only I think they should stop somewhere; and when they attempt Latin and Greek they should surely call in professional assistance. In many cases, however, it is clear they don't, and classical advertisements are now common. Only yesterday I saw cheap funerals advertised, with *Ad Captandum Vulgus* on the top of the announcement. I wonder whether the advertiser thought he was paying the public a compliment? What the public thought, I know. I asked one of them whether he would be so good as to tell me what *ad captandum* meant, and he said it was a funeral "mottar," addressed to Roman Catholics only, an impression which I am sure it was not the intention of the advertiser—who was only catholic in the sense of universal—to produce.

Of all the pitiable creatures upon this earth or its waters, I suppose, a stow-away is the most miserable. In the first place, he goes to sea, which of itself is misfortune enough for most people; secondly, he is compelled to do so, either from fear of unearned ill-treatment, or from the vengeance of the law; thirdly, he must needs voyage in the worst part of the vessel—in the hold, among the rats, or near the engines, where he is half stifled; lastly, if he has any imagination, how depressing must be the reflection that his presence in the same ship with so many fellow-creatures is unknown! If he is seen, he is taken for a ghost at best, or, what is more likely, is recognized for what he is, and treated like a dog and worked like a horse for the remainder of the voyage. A very sad case has just occurred to an unfortunate of this kind seeking to escape (a natural impulse enough) from Hamburg. A young man hid himself among the bales of merchandise of a ship he supposed to be bound for England, taking with him a piece of meat that would have supplied him for such a voyage. The ship, however, was sailing for the west coast of Africa. On arrival at its destination, and its cargo being unloaded, his body was found "completely blocked in bales." He had been evidently starved to death. What agonies must have been his through the long watches of the night, and worse in the daytime, when the sailors worked and sang above him, and he had no means of making his presence known to them! "A stranger both to crew and passengers," he is described, yet some one had known and loved him, doubtless; and his age "about twenty." Poor stow-away!

A provincial mayor is not quite the sort of person whom one would expect to follow Mr. Carlyle's advice to "discard all formulas"; nevertheless, a candidate for that office lately announced his intention, if elected, to discontinue the use of the mace ("Take away that bauble"), and to hang up the municipal gown. He denounced them as relics of the Dark Ages. As nothing would induce me to take office anywhere, under any possible circumstances, I don't feel called upon to debate the question; but a mace I hate. When I was a boy, and tortured by nightly terrors of ghosts and goblins, I went to stay in the house of a relative, who happened to be mayor of the town in which he lived. On looking under my bed to make certain (as usual) that there was not a coffin there, I found one. It was in reality the case in which the municipal insignia were kept; but its shape and size, and the brass plate on which my relative's name was engraved, gave it a most funereal appearance, and almost made a corpse of *me*. It is one of those little experiences which, unimportant in themselves, one never forgets. It has stuck to me; cloves I like, and nutmeg, and cinnamon; but none of your mace.

In October next—oh, joy!—the Claimant will be liberated on ticket-of-leave. His friends have promised to then rally round him, and set him up in a public-house. This is as it should be, for a sporting bar is just the place for him. My conviction is that in this position he will attract enormously, and make almost as much money as if he had contrived to get the estates to which he once aspired. His inn is to be called the "Tichborne Arms." If nine-tenths of the so-called Nationalists in the House of Commons could be similarly accommodated, it would suit them down to the ground, and be a most appropriate termination to their career.

The funniest example of the misdirected zeal of partisans that has been exhibited for many a day was "on view" last week in the columns of two of "our evening contemporaries." No. 1, a Conservative organ, quoted "The stars in their courses," etc., as having been a phrase originally used by the late Lord Beaconsfield, and as belonging to his extensive repertoire of remarkable sayings. But No. 2, a political adversary, while admitting the poetry of the observation, urged that tribute should be given where tribute was due, and pointed out that the statement in question fell from the lips of Mr. Gladstone! And yet this is a Christian country! Political writers, however, know at least as much about the Bible as the public at large know about literature in general. A novel is now passing through the columns of a well-known journal in which the recording angel is alluded to in the act of dropping his one-would-have-thought-pretty-well-known tear; and the editor tells me he has received numerous letters objecting to the introduction of the R. A. in fiction as being a blasphemous novelty. To a very large class of persons, I suppose, not only is Sterne unknown, but the term "profane" is applied to literature in a very lavish and unexpected manner; but this really beats everything.

An ungenial German, with the euphonious name of Mummenhoff, has been fined ten shillings for knocking a boy over the head for whistling—a practice it seems which annoys him. The magistrate very properly said that even though a boy may not do it in tune, whistling is a sign of light-heartedness, and should therefore be welcome to all but morose persons. But it is evident that he forgot the story of Gabriel Grubb and the goblins, or he would certainly have made it a text for his admonition. This Mummenhoff of fiction was a grave-digger, and got very justly punished for cuffing a boy for singing upon Christmas-eve. The tale occurs in *Pickwick*. It is told at Dingley Dell by Mr. Wardle, and contains the germ of all those genial and generous thoughts that afterward found expression in Dickens's Christmas books. There are many tales in the same book which, having in truth nothing to do with the main story, have dropped out of recollection. It seemed, probably, at the time, a convenient channel through which to introduce them to a public which had up to that time been indifferent to the author's productions; and it is my conviction that they were amongst his very earliest compositions.

What amazing things people will buy in the way of "relics"! The effects of the late executioner, Mr. Marwood, have recently been sold by public auction, and, as might have been expected, some of them excited great interest. If I cared for such things at all (which I do not), I should consider that the rope "actually used in his trade" went cheap at four pounds ten shillings. But why should "a pair of his old stockings" have fetched five shillings, and "an old neck-tie and cuffs" eleven? His dog Nero, I read, was "run up" to thirty shillings, which seemed a very appropriate expression indeed.

R. Kemble, of London.

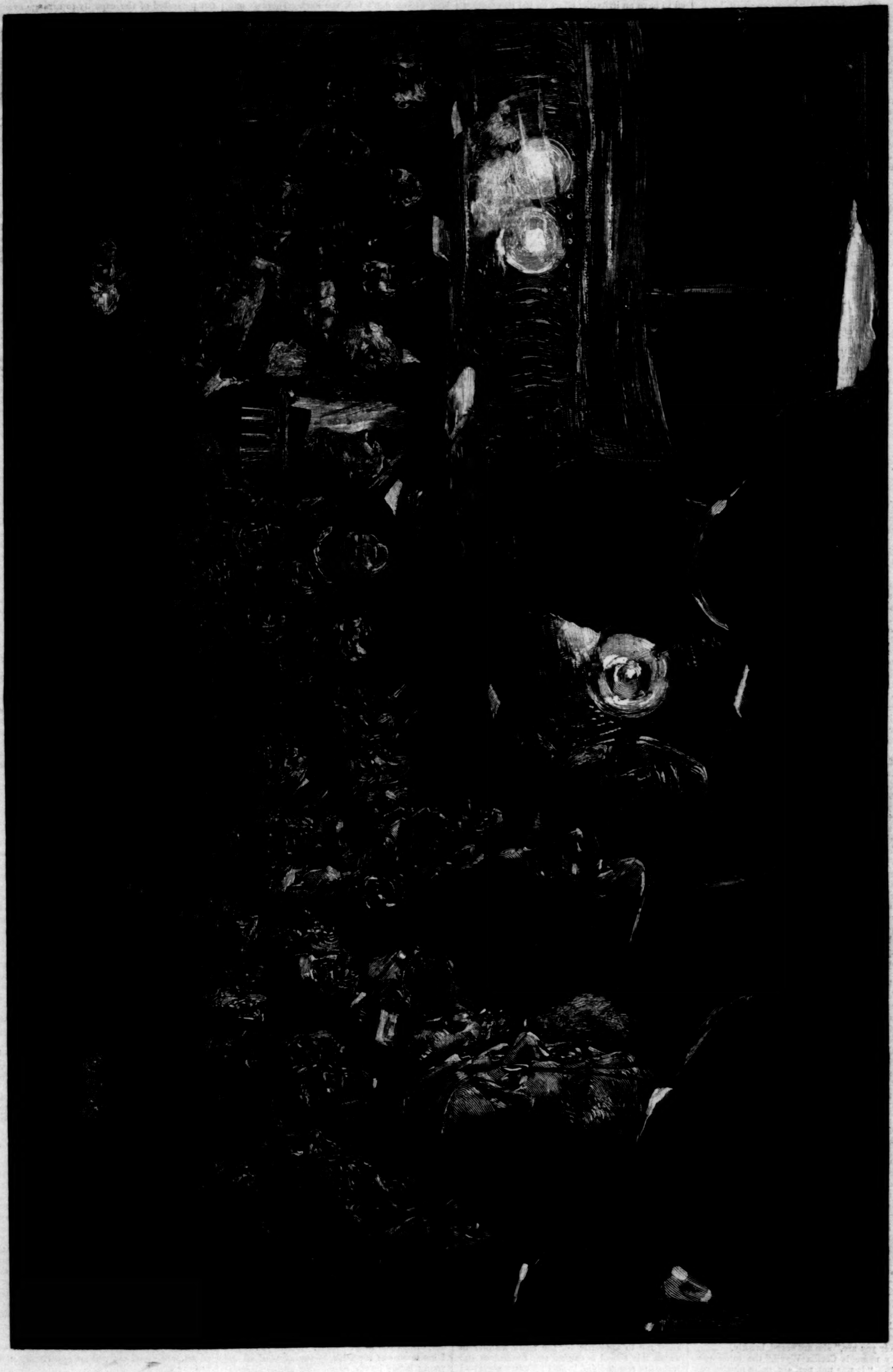
THE REV. WILLIAM R. HUNTINGTON, D.D.

The successor of Assistant-Bishop Henry C. Potter as rector of Grace Church in this city is the Rev. William R. Huntington, D.D., of All-saints Protestant Episcopal Church, Worcester, Massachusetts. Dr. Huntington came prominently before the country at the recent Potestant Episcopal Convention in Philadelphia, where, as chairman of the Committee on the Revision of the Prayer-book, he made a deep impression by his scholarly tastes, his courtesy, and his forensic ability; and after devoting the best part of many days to explaining the reasons of the changes which his committee recommended, he had the gratification of seeing most of those changes adopted, and was warmly congratulated by the delegates that thronged around him.

Dr. Huntington's parish in Worcester has long been the only Protestant Episcopal parish in that large city, with the exception of a small one in the outskirts. The church edifice is a noble specimen of architecture, and adjoining it are a chapel and an admirable suite of reading-rooms. Dr. Huntington's fine, thoughtful face, clear, strong voice, and wonderful sweetness and integrity of character have drawn around him a very considerable following from other denominations in Worcester, and the frequency with which he has refused calls to other parishes has caused him to be known among his friends as "The Great Decliner." He declined the call to Calvary Church in this city, to St. Stephen's Church in Philadelphia, and (as is generally understood) to the Bishopric of Iowa. He is a widower, with a son at Harvard College and several young daughters. His wife was a daughter of the eminent Boston physician, Dr. Reynolds.

The new rector of Grace Church is still in Worcester, taking a little rest, by the advice of friends, after his severe and protracted labors at the late Convention. The time of his entry upon his duties in this city is still uncertain.

PLUM DUFF IN DANGER—CHRISTMAS DINNER AT SEA.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.



A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME IN THE BOWERY.—Drawn by J. W. Alexander.

MY GIFT FROM SANTA CLAUS.

Yes, I was dark, and she was fair.
On dit we made a "handsome pair."
But oh, the little maid was shy;
And, to be candid, so was I.
Long had I striven, with many a sign,
To make her read this heart of mine,
Where often love songs died unsung,
For timid lips and trembling tongue.

But Christmas time was coming fast,
And old "Kriss Kringle" 'twas at last
Inspired me with happy thought,
To help me gain the gift I sought.
Whispering, I said to her: "Last night
A sweet dream filled me with delight,
For Santa Claus most generously
A woman's dear heart gave to me.

"And bade me, darling, go to you
To find its owner, fond and true.
So I have come. I pray you, sweet,
Kind Santa Claus's gift complete;
And if your heart I have indeed,
Another in its place you'll need;
And oh, my love, I'll gladly sign
A deed in full to you of mine."

"I SAY NO:"

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE FIRST.

AT SCHOOL.

CHAPTER I.

THE SMUGGLED SUPPER.

Outside the bedroom the night was black and still.

The small rain fell too softly to be heard in the garden; not a leaf stirred in the airless calm; the watch-dog was asleep, the cats were in-doors: far or near, under the murky heaven, not a sound was stirring.

Inside the bedroom the night was black and still.

Miss Ladd knew her business as a school-mistress too well to allow night lights; and Miss Ladd's young ladies were supposed to be fast asleep, in accordance with the rules of the house. Only at intervals the silence was faintly disturbed, when the restless turning of one of the girls in her bed betrayed itself by a gentle rustling between the sheets. In the long intervals of stillness not even the softly audible breathing of young creatures asleep was to be heard.

The first sound that told of life and movement revealed the mechanical movement of the clock. Speaking from the lower regions, the tongue of Father Time told the hour before midnight.

A soft voice rose wearily near the door of the room. It counted the strokes of the clock, and reminded one of the girls of the lapse of time.

"Emily! eleven o'clock."

There was no reply. After an interval the weary voice tried again, in louder tones.

"Emily!"

A girl whose bed was at the inner end of the room sighed under the heavy heat of the night, and said, in peremptory tones, "Is that Cecilia?"

"Yes."

"What do you want?"

"I'm getting hungry, Emily. Is the new girl asleep?"

The new girl answered promptly and spitefully, "No, she isn't."

Having a private object of their own in view, the five wise virgins of Miss Ladd's first class had waited an hour, in wakeful anticipation of the falling asleep of the stranger, and it had ended in this way. A ripple of laughter ran round the room. The new girl, mortified and offended, entered her protest in plain words.

"You are treating me shamefully! You all distrust me, because I am a stranger."

"Say we don't understand you," Emily answered, speaking for her school-fellows, "and you will be nearer the truth."

"Who expected you to understand me, when I only came here to-day? I have told you already my name is Francine De Sor. If you want to know more, I'm nineteen years old, and I come from the West Indies."

Emily still took the lead. "Why do you come *here?*" she asked. "Who ever heard of a girl joining a new school just before the holidays? You are nineteen years old, are you? I'm a year younger than you, and I have finished my education. The next big girl in the room is a year younger than me, and she has finished her education. What can you possibly have left to learn at your age?"

"Everything!" cried the stranger from the West Indies, with an outburst of tears. "I'm a poor ignorant creature. Your education ought to have taught you to pity me instead of making fun of me. I hate you all. For shame! for shame!"

Some of the girls laughed. One of them—the hungry girl who had counted the strokes of the clock—took Francine's part.

"Never mind their laughing, Miss De Sor. You are quite right; you have good reason to complain of us."

Miss De Sor dried her eyes. "Thank you—whoever you are," she answered, briskly.

"My name is Cecilia Wyvil," the other proceeded. "It was not, perhaps, quite nice of you to say you hated us all. At the same time, we have forgotten our good-breeding, and the least we can do is to beg your pardon."

This expression of generous sentiment appeared to have an irritating effect on the peremptory young person who took the lead in the room. Perhaps she disapproved of free trade in generous sentiment.

"I can tell you one thing, Cecilia," she said; "you sha'n't beat ME in generosity. Strike a light, one of you, and lay the blame on me if Miss Ladd finds us out. I mean to shake hands with the new girl—and how can I do it in the dark? Miss De Sor, my name's Brown, and I'm queen of the bedroom. I—not Cecilia—offer our apologies if we have offended you. Cecilia is my dearest friend, but I don't allow her to take the lead in the room. Oh, what a lovely night-gown!"

The sudden flow of the candle-light had revealed Francine sitting up in her bed, and displaying such treasures of real lace over her bosom that the queen lost all sense of royal dignity in irrepressible admiration. "Seven and sixpence," Emily remarked, looking at her own night-gown, and despising it. One after another the girls yielded to the attraction of the wonderful lace. Slim and plump, fair and dark, they circled round the new pupil in their flowing white robes, and arrived by common consent at one and the same conclusion: "How rich her father must be!"

Favored by fortune in the matter of money, was this enviable person possessed of beauty as well?

In the disposition of the beds, Miss De Sor was placed between Cecilia on the right hand and Emily on the left. If by some fantastic turn of events a man—say, in the interests of propriety, a married doctor, with Miss Ladd to look after him—had been permitted to enter the room, and had been asked what he thought of the girls when he came out, he would not even have mentioned Francine. Blind to the beauties of the expensive night-gown, he would have noticed her long upper lip, her obstinate chin, her sallow complexion, her eyes placed too close together, and would have turned his attention to her nearest neighbors. On one side his languid interest would have been instantly aroused by Cecilia's glowing auburn hair, her exquisitely pure skin, and her tender blue eyes; on the other, he would have discovered a bright little creature, who would have fascinated and perplexed him at one and the same time. If he had been questioned about her by a stranger, he would have been at a loss to say positively whether she was dark or light; he would have remembered how her eyes had held him, but he would not have known of what color they were. And yet she would have remained a vivid picture in his memory when other impressions, derived at the same time, had vanished. "There was one little witch among them who was worth all the rest put together, and I can't tell you why. They called her Emily. If I wasn't a married man—" There he would have thought of his wife, and would have sighed, and said no more.

While the girls were still admiring Francine, the clock struck the half-hour past eleven.

Cecilia stole on tiptoe to the door, looked out, and listened, closed the door again, and addressed the meeting with the irresistible charm of her sweet voice and her persuasive smile.

"Are none of you hungry yet?" she inquired. "The teachers are safe in their rooms; we have set ourselves right with Francine. Why keep the supper waiting under Emily's bed?"

Such reasoning as this, with such personal attractions to recommend it, admitted of but one reply. The queen waved her hand graciously, and said, "Pull it out."

Is a lovely girl—whose face possesses the crowning charm of expression, whose slightest movement reveals the supple symmetry of her figure—less lovely because she is blessed with a good appetite, and is not ashamed to acknowledge it? With a grace all her own, Cecilia dived under the bed, and produced a basket of jam tarts, a basket of fruit and sweetmeats, a basket of sparkling lemonade, and a superb cake—all paid for by general subscription, and smuggled into the room by kind connivance of the servants. On this occasion the feast was especially plentiful and expensive, in commemoration not only of the arrival of the midsummer holidays, but of the coming freedom of Miss Ladd's two leading young ladies. With widely different destinies before them, Emily and Cecilia had completed their school life, and were now to go out into the world.

The contrast in the characters of the two girls showed itself even in such a trifle as the preparations for supper.

Gentle Cecilia, sitting on the floor surrounded by good things, left it to the ingenuity of others to decide whether the baskets should be all emptied at once, or handed round from bed to bed one at a time. In the mean while her lovely blue eyes rested tenderly on the tarts. Emily's commanding spirit seized on the reins of government, and employed each of her school-fellows in the occupation which she was fittest to undertake. "Miss De Sor, let me look at your hand. Ah, I thought so. You have got the thickest wrist among us; you shall draw the corks. If you let the lemonade pop, not a drop of it goes down your throat. Effie, Annis, Priscilla, you are three notoriously lazy girls; it's doing you a true kindness to set you to work. Effie, clear the toilet table for supper: away with the combs, the brushes, and the looking-glass. Annis, tear up that old newspaper, and set the pieces out neatly for dishes and plates. No! I'll unpack; nobody touches the baskets but me. Priscilla, you have the prettiest ears in the room; you shall act as sentinel, my dear, and listen at the door. Cecilia, when you have done devouring those tarts with your eyes, take that pair of scissors (Miss De Sor, allow me to apologize for the mean manner in which this school is carried on; the knives and forks are counted and locked up every night)—I say take that pair of scissors, Cecilia, and carve the cake, and don't keep the largest bit for yourself. Are we all ready? Very well. Now take example by me. Talk as much as you like, so long as you don't talk too loud. There is one other thing before we begin. The men always propose toasts on these occasions: let's be like the men. Can any of you make a speech? Ah! it falls on me as usual. I propose the first toast. Down with all schools and teachers—especially the new teacher who came this half-year. Oh, mercy, how it stings!" The fixed gas in the lemonade took the orator at that moment by the throat, and effectually checked the flow of her eloquence. It made no difference to the girls. Excepting the case of feeble stomachs, who cares for eloquence in the presence of a supper table? There were no feeble stomachs in that bedroom. With what inexhaustible energy Miss Ladd's young ladies ate and drank! How merrily they enjoyed the delightful privilege of talking nonsense! And —alas! alas!—how vainly they tried in after-life to renew the once unalloyed enjoyment of tarts and lemonade!

In the unintelligible scheme of creation there appears to be no human happiness—not even the happiness of school-girls—which is ever complete. Just as it was drawing to a close, the enjoyment of the feast was interrupted by an alarm from the sentinel at the door.

"Put out the candle!" Priscilla whispered. "Somebody on the stairs."

CHAPTER II.

BIOGRAPHY IN THE BEDROOM.

The candle was instantly extinguished. In discreet silence the girls stole back to their beds, and listened.

As an aid to the vigilance of the sentinel, the door had been left ajar. Through the narrow opening, a creaking of the broad wooden stairs of the old house became audible. In another moment there was silence. An interval passed, and the creaking was heard again. This time, the sound was distant and diminishing. On a sudden it stopped. The midnight silence was disturbed no more.

What did this mean?

Had one among the many persons in authority under Miss Ladd's roof heard the girls talking, and ascended the stairs to surprise them in the act of violating one of the rules of the house? So far, such a proceeding was by no means uncommon. But was it within the limits of probability that a teacher should alter her opinion of her own duty half-way up the stairs, and deliberately go back to her room again? The bare idea of such a thing was absurd on the face of it. What more rational explanation could ingenuity discover on the spur of the moment? Francine was the first to offer a suggestion. She shook and shivered in her bed, and said, "For Heaven's sake, light the candle again!—it's a ghost."

"Clear away the supper, you fools, before the ghost can report us to Miss Ladd."

With this excellent advice Emily checked the rising panic. The door was closed, the candle was lit; all traces of the supper disappeared. For five minutes more they listened again. No sound came from the stairs; no teacher, or ghost of a teacher, appeared at the door.

Having eaten her supper, Cecilia's immediate anxieties were at an end; she was at leisure to exert her intelligence for the benefit of her school-fellows. In her gentle, ingratiating way, she offered a composing suggestion. "When we heard the creaking, I don't believe there was anybody on the stairs. In these old houses there are always strange noises at night; and they say the stairs here were made more than two hundred years since."

The girls looked at each other with a sense of relief—but they waited to hear the opinion of the queen. Emily, as usual, justified the confidence placed in her. She discovered an ingenious method of putting Cecilia's suggestion to the test.

"Let's go on talking," she said. "If Cecilia is right, the teachers are all asleep, and we have nothing to fear from them. If she's wrong, we shall sooner or later see one of them at the door. Don't be alarmed, Miss De Sor. Catching us talking at night, in this school, only means a reprimand. Catching us with a light ends in punishment. Blow out the candle."

Francine's belief in the ghost was too sincerely superstitious to be shaken: she started up in bed. "Oh, don't leave me in the dark! I'll take the punishment, if we are found out."

"On your sacred word of honor?" Emily stipulated.

"Yes, yes!"

The queen's sense of humor was tickled. "There's something funny," she remarked, addressing her subjects, "in a big girl like this coming to a new school, and beginning with a punishment. May I ask if you are a foreigner, Miss De Sor?"

"My papa is a Spanish gentleman," Francine answered, with dignity.

"And your mamma?"

"My mamma is English."

"And you have always lived in the West Indies?"

"I have always lived in the island of San Domingo."

Emily checked off on her fingers the different points thus far discovered in the character of Mr. De Sor's daughter. "She's ignorant, and superstitious, and foreign, and rich. My dear (forgive the familiarity), you are an interesting girl, and we must really know more of you. Entertain the bedroom. What have you been about all your life? And what, in the name of wonder, brings you here? Stop! Before you begin, I insist on one condition, in the name of all the young ladies in the room. No useful information about the West Indies!"

Francine disappointed her audience.

She was ready enough to make herself an object of interest to her companions, but she was not possessed of the capacity to arrange events in their proper order, necessary to the recital of the simplest narrative. Emily was obliged to help her by means of questions. In one respect the result justified the trouble taken to obtain it. A sufficient reason was discovered for the extraordinary appearance of a new pupil on the day before the school closed for the holidays.

Mr. De Sor's social position at San Domingo had been (to use his daughter's words) the position of "a small planter, too poor to send to France or England for a governess." The mother's health was delicate; and the mother's interest centred in her only other child—a son, born in the later years of her married life. From first to last, Francine (in her own opinion) had been shamefully neglected. Six months since, the prospects of the family had changed for the better on the death of a bachelor relative. Mr. De Sor's brother had left him one of the finest estates in San Domingo, and a fortune in money as well, on the one easy condition that he continued to reside in the island. The question of expense being now beneath the notice of the family, Francine had been sent to England, specially recommended to Miss Ladd as a young lady with grand prospects, sorely in need of a fashionable education. The voyage had been so timed, by advice of the school-mistress, as to make the holidays a means of obtaining this object privately. Francine was to be taken to Brighton, where excellent masters could be obtained to assist Miss Ladd. With six weeks before her, she might in some degree make up for lost time; and, when the school opened again, she would avoid the mortification of being put down in the lowest class along with the children.

The examination of Miss De Sor, having produced these results, was pursued no further. Her character now appeared in a new, and not very attractive, light. She audaciously took to herself the whole credit of telling her story.

"I think it's my turn now," she said, "to be interested and amused. May I ask you to begin, Miss Emily? All I know of you at present is that your family name is Brown."

Emily held up her hand for silence.

Was the mysterious creaking on the stairs making itself heard once more? No. The sound that had caught Emily's quick ear came from the beds, on the opposite side of the room, occupied by the three lazy girls. With no new alarm to disturb them, Effie, Annis, and Priscilla had yielded to the composing influences of a good supper and a warm night. They were fast asleep, and the fattest of the three (softly, as became a young lady) was snoring!

The unblemished reputation of the bedroom was dear to Emily in her capacity of queen. She felt herself humiliated in the presence of the new pupil.

"If that girl ever gets a sweetheart," she said, indignantly, "I shall consider it my duty to warn the poor man before he marries her. Her ridiculous name is Euphemia. I have christened her (far more appropriately) Boiled Veal. No color in her hair, no color in her eyes, no color in her complexion. In short, no flavor in Euphemia. You naturally object to snoring. Pardon me if I turn my back on you—I am going to throw my slipper at her."

The soft voice of Cecilia—suspiciously drowsy in tone—interposed in the interests of mercy.

"She can't help it, poor thing; and she really isn't loud enough to disturb us."

"She won't disturb *you*, at any rate! Rouse yourself, Cecilia. We are wide-awake on this side of the room, and Francine says it's our turn to amuse her."

A low murmur, dying away gently in a sigh, was the only answer. Sweet Cecilia had yielded to the somnolent influences of the supper and the night. The soft infection of repose seemed to be in some danger of communicating itself to Francine. Her large mouth opened luxuriously in a long-continued yawn.

"Good-night!" said Emily.

Miss De Sor became wide-awake in an instant.

"No," she said, positively; "you are quite mistaken if you think I am going to sleep. Please exert yourself, Miss Emily—I am waiting to be interested."

Emily appeared to be unwilling to exert herself. She became interested in the weather.

"Isn't the wind rising?" she said.

There could be no doubt of it. The leaves in the garden were beginning to rustle, and the pattering of the rain sounded on the windows.

Francine (as her straight chin proclaimed to all students of physiognomy) was an obstinate girl. Determined to carry her point, she tried Emily's own system on Emily herself—she put questions.

"Have you been long at this school?"

"More than three years."

"Have you got any brothers and sisters?"

"I am an only child."

"Are your father and mother alive?"

Emily suddenly raised herself in her bed.

"Wait a minute," she said. "I think I hear it again."

"The creaking on the stairs?"

"Yes."

Either she was mistaken, or the change for the worse in the weather made it not easy to hear slight noises in the house. The wind was still rising. The passage of it through the great trees in the garden began to sound like the fall of waves on a distant beach. It drove the rain—a heavy down-pour by this time—rattling against the windows.

"Almost a storm, isn't it?" Emily said.

Francine's last question had not been answered yet. She took the earliest opportunity of repeating it.

"Never mind the weather," she said. "Tell

me about your father and mother. Are they both alive?"

Emily's reply only related to one of her parents. "My mother died before I was old enough to feel my loss."

"And your father?"

Emily referred to another relative—her father's sister.

"Since I have grown up," she proceeded, "my good aunt has been a second mother to me. My story is, in one respect, the reverse of yours. You are unexpectedly rich, and I am unexpectedly poor. My aunt's fortune was to have been my fortune if I outlived her. She has been ruined by the failure of a bank. In her old age she must live on an income of a hundred a year—and I must get my own living when I leave school."

"Surely your father can help you?" Francine persisted.

"His property is landed property." Her voice faltered as she referred to him, even in that indirect manner. "It is entailed; his nearest male relative inherits it."

The delicacy which is easily discouraged was not one of the weaknesses in the nature of Francine.

"Do I understand that your father is dead?" she asked.

Our thick-skinned fellow-creatures have the rest of us at their mercy: only give them time, and they carry their point in the end. In sad, subdued tones—telling of deeply rooted reserves of feeling, seldom revealed to strangers—Emily yielded at last.

"Yes," she said, "my father is dead."

"Long ago?"

"Some people might think it long ago. I was very fond of my father. It's nearly four years since he died, and my heart still aches when I think of him. I'm not easily depressed by troubles, Miss De Sor. But his death was sudden—he was in his grave when I first heard of it—and— Oh, he was so good to me! he was so good to me!"

The gay, high-spirited little creature, who took the lead among them all, who was the life and soul of the school, hid her face in her hands and burst out crying.

Startled and, to do her justice, ashamed, Francine attempted to make excuses. Emily's generous nature passed over the cruel persistency that had tortured her. "No, no; I have nothing to forgive. It isn't your fault. Other girls have got mothers and brothers and sisters, and get reconciled to such a loss as mine. Don't make excuses."

"Yes, but I want you to know that I feel for you," Francine insisted, without the slightest approach to sympathy in face, voice, or manner. "When my uncle died, and left us all the money, papa was much shocked. He trusted to time to help him."

"Time has been long about it with me, Francine. I am afraid there is something perverse in my nature; the hope of meeting again in a better world seems so faint and far away. No more of it now! Let us talk of that good creature who is asleep on the other side of you. Did I tell you that I must earn my own bread when I leave school? Well, Cecilia has written home and found an employment for me. Not a situation as governess—something quite out of the common way. You shall hear all about it."

In the brief interval that had passed, the weather had begun to change again. The wind was as high as ever, but, to judge by the lessening patter on the windows, the rain was passing away.

Emily began.

She was too grateful to her friend and schoolfellow, and too deeply interested in her story, to notice the air of indifference with which Francine settled herself on her pillow to hear the praises of Cecilia. The most beautiful girl in the school was not an object of interest to a young lady with an obstinate chin and unfortunately placed eyes. Pouring warm from the speaker's heart, the story ran smoothly on, to the monotonous accompaniment of the moaning wind. By fine degrees Francine's eyes closed, opened, and closed again. Toward the latter part of the narrative Emily's memory became, for the moment only, confused between two events. She stopped to consider—noticed Francine's silence, in an interval when she might have said a word of encouragement—and looked closer at her. Miss De Sor was asleep.

"She might have told me she was tired," Emily said to herself, quietly. "Well! the best thing I can do is to put out the light and follow her example."

As she took up the extinguisher, the bedroom door was suddenly opened from the outer side. A tall woman, robed in a black dressing-gown, stood on the threshold, looking at Emily.

CHAPTER III.

THE LATE MR. BROWN.

The woman's lean long-fingered hand pointed to the candle.

"Don't put it out." Saying those words, she looked round the room, and satisfied herself that the other girls were asleep.

Emily laid down the extinguisher. "You mean to report us, of course," she said. "I am the only one awake, Miss Jethro; lay the blame on me."

"I have no intention of reporting you. But I have something to say."

She paused, and pushed her thick black hair (already streaked with gray) back from her temples. Her eyes, large and dark and dim, rested on Emily with a sorrowful interest. "When your young friends wake to-morrow morning," she went on, "you can tell them that the new teacher, whom nobody likes, has left the school."

For once even quick-witted Emily was bewildered. "Going away," she said, "when you have only been here since Easter!"

Miss Jethro advanced, not noticing Emily's expression of surprise. "I am not very strong at the best of times," she continued: "may I sit down on your bed?" Remarkable on other occasions for her cold composure, her voice trembled as she made that request—a strange request, surely, when there were chairs at her disposal.

Emily made room for her with the dazed look of a girl in a dream. "I beg your pardon, Miss Jethro, one of the things I can't endure is being puzzled. If you don't mean to report us, why did you come in and catch me with the light?"

Miss Jethro's explanation was far from relieving the perplexity which her conduct had caused. "I have been mean enough," she answered, "to listen at the door, and I heard you talking of your father. I want to hear more about your father. That is why I came in."

"You knew my father!" Emily exclaimed.

"I believe I knew him. But his name is so common—there are so many thousands of 'James Browns' in England—that I am in fear of making a mistake. I heard you say that he died nearly four years since. Can you mention any particulars which might help to enlighten me? If you think I am taking a liberty—"

Emily stopped her. "I would help you if I could," she said. "But I was in poor health at the time, and I was staying with friends far away in Scotland to try change of air. The news of my father's death brought on a relapse. Weeks passed before I was strong enough to travel—weeks and weeks before I saw his grave! I can only tell you what I know from my aunt. He died of heart-complaint."

Miss Jethro started.

Emily looked at her for the first time with eyes that betrayed a feeling of distrust. "What have I said to startle you?" she asked.

"Nothing. I am nervous in stormy weather—don't notice me." She went on abruptly with her inquiries. "Will you tell me the date of your father's death?"

"The date was the thirtieth of September, nearly four years since."

She waited, after that reply.

Miss Jethro was silent.

"And this," Emily continued, "is the thirtieth of June, eighteen hundred and eighty-one. You can now judge for yourself. Did you know my father?"

Miss Jethro answered, mechanically, using the same words.

"I did know your father."

Emily's feeling of distrust was not set at rest. "I never heard him speak of you," she said.

In her younger days the teacher must have been a handsome woman. Her grandly formed features still suggested the idea of imperial beauty—perhaps Jewish in its origin. Not the faintest change had disturbed the composure of her face, until Emily said, "I never heard him speak of you." Then the color flew into her pallid cheeks; her dim eyes became alive again with a momentary light. She left her seat on the bed, and, turning away, mastered the emotion that shook her.

"How hot the night is!" she said, and sighed, and resumed the subject with a steady countenance. "I am not surprised that your father never mentioned me—to *you*." She said it quietly; but her face was paler than ever. She sat down again on the bed. "Is there anything I can do for you," she asked, "before I go away? Oh, I only mean some trifling service that would lay you under no obligation, and would not oblige you to keep up your acquaintance with me."

Her eyes—the dim black eyes that must once have been irresistibly beautiful—looked at Emily so sadly that the generous girl reproached herself for having doubted her father's friend. "Are you thinking of *him*," she said, gently, "when you ask if you can be of service to me?"

Miss Jethro made no direct reply. "You were fond of your father?" she said, faintly, in a whisper. "You told your school-fellow that your heart still aches when you speak of him."

"I only told her the truth," Emily answered, simply.

Miss Jethro shuddered—on that hot night!—shuddered as if a chill had struck her.

Emily held out her hand: the kind feeling that had been roused in her glittered prettily in her eyes. "I am afraid I have not done you justice," she said. "Will you forgive me and shake hands?"

Miss Jethro rose and drew back. "Look at the light!" she exclaimed.

The candle was all but burned out. Emily still offered her hand, and still Miss Jethro refused to see it.

"There is just light enough left," she said, "to show me my way to the door. Good-night—and good-by."

Emily caught at her dress, and stopped her. "Why won't you shake hands with me?" she asked.

The wick of the candle fell over in the socket, and left them in the dark. Emily resolutely held the teacher's dress. With or without light, she was still bent on making Miss Jethro explain herself.

They had throughout spoken in guarded tones, fearing to disturb the sleeping girls. The sudden darkness had its inevitable effect. Their voices sank to whispers now. "My father's friend," Emily pleaded, "is surely my friend?"

"Drop the subject."

"Why?"

"You can never be *my* friend."

"Why not?"

"Let me go!"

Emily's sense of self-respect forbade her to persist any longer. "I beg your pardon for having kept you here against your will," she said, and dropped her hold on the dress.

Miss Jethro instantly yielded on her side. "I am sorry to have been obstinate," she answered. "If you do despise me, it is, after all, no more than I have deserved." Her hot breath beat on Emily's face: the unhappy woman must have bent over the bed as she made her confession. "I am not a fit person for you to associate with."

"I don't believe it!"

Miss Jethro sighed bitterly. "Young and warm-hearted—I was once like you!" She controlled that outburst of despair. Her next words were spoken in steadier tones. "You *will* have it—you *shall* have it!" she said. "Some one (in this house or out of it, I don't know which) has betrayed me to the mistress of the school. A wretch in my situation suspects everybody, and, worse still, does it without reason or excuse. I heard you girls talking when you ought to have been asleep. You all dislike me. How did I know it mightn't be one of you? Absurd, to a person with a well-balanced mind. I went halfway up the stairs, and felt ashamed of myself, and went back to my room. If I could only have got some rest! Ah, well, it was not to be done. My own vile suspicions kept me awake; I left my bed again. You know what I heard on the other side of that door, and why I was interested in hearing it. Your father never told me he had a daughter. 'Miss Brown,' at this school, was any 'Miss Brown' to me: I had no idea of who you really were until to-night. I'm wandering. What does all this matter to you? Miss Ladd has been merciful; she lets me go without exposing me. You can guess what has happened. No? Not even yet? Is it innocence or kindness that makes you so slow to understand? My dear, I have obtained admission to this respectable house by means of false references, and I have been discovered. *Now* you know why you must not be the friend of such a woman as I am! Once more, good-night—and good-by."

Emily shrank from that miserable farewell. "Bid me good-night," she said, "but don't bid me good-by. Let me see you again."

"Never!"

The sound of the softly closed door was just audible in the darkness. She had spoken; she had gone, never to be seen by Emily again.

Miserable, interesting, unfathomable creature—the problem that night of Emily's waking thoughts, the phantom of her dreams. "Bad, or good?" she asked herself. "False, for she listened at the door; true, for she told me the tale of her own disgrace. A friend of my father; and she never knew that he had a daughter. Refined, accomplished, lady-like; and she stoops to use a false reference. Who is to reconcile such contradictions as these?"

Dawn looked in at the window—dawn of the memorable day which was, for Emily, the beginning of a new life. The years were before her; and the years in their course reveal baffling mysteries of life and death.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Among the recent exceptional passages in the newspapers the one declaring of a man who was caught in some machinery that "he was torn from limb to limb" is as notable as any, perhaps, but it is no more striking than another alleging of a prisoner in a police court that "in a piteous voice he showed to the justice his torn shirt," or still another, which avers that "there was an awful spectacle of drunkenness as the reporter passed along."

The story that a German professor has perfected a scheme whereby he can stop the vital wear and tear of persons for an indefinite time, and then set them going again, contains an idea that is not new under the sun. Edmond About's story of the desiccated "Man with the Broken Ear," and an essay by Benjamin Franklin that is one hundred years old, are to the same purpose. The German professor wishes to operate by freezing, which was Franklin's plan. All that the professor now has to do to demonstrate that the vital processes in a person may be switched off and on at will is to prove it. He needs a subject, of course, and is said to be looking for one.

The recent remarkable series of sunsets that New-Yorkers have seen were not confined to this longitude. They were as broad as the continent. The fire-engines were sent skurrying in many of the Western States, but of course no hose was brought to bear upon those conflagrations. A scientific man in San Francisco ascribed the phenomena to volcanic eruptions in Alaska. According to him, volcanic ashes from Mr. Seward's purchase have been carried all over Japan and beyond, and similar coloring of the skies has been observed there. He says that at the time of the eruptions in Java such sunsets were seen at points as distant as Panama, and that the beauty of many of the Italian sunsets is due to volcanic ashes and dust from the African deserts. His idea is that the ashes hang in the sky like a canopy, and that the up-thrown sunlight is reflected from them in a great red glare. It is funny, though, to think of United States fire-companies turning out on account of a volcano in Alaska.

It is printed that there were 26,296 arrests for drunkenness in London in the last year, and that there were 31,350 arrests for the same offense in 1831, when the city was only one-third of its present size.

A woman in Indianapolis was "shooing" a brace of ducks. Wishing to make them go faster, she threw a stone at them, whereupon they stopped short. The stone had broken the necks of both.

It is said of Jay-Eye-See, the famous trotter, that when he is eating oats he insists on taking a draught of water after each mouthful. Those teachers who advise mankind of what and how it is healthful to eat declare that much drink at meal-time is not good. Perhaps it would be proper for a man to drink more if he were to eat oats.

Fifteen hundred cab owners in Berlin are reported to have memorialized the City Council against the laying down of any more street pavements of wood or asphalt. The memorialists say that accidents to pedestrians from vehicles, and accidents from the collision of vehicles, are from fifty to seventy-five per cent. more numerous on the noiseless pavements than on those that are stone.

It is said that nearly half of the patents applied for in recent years have been for car couplers, and still that the bulk of car coupling to-day is done with the primitive link and pin.

It is asserted that the members of the Corean embassy felt highly honored when informed that they would be carried to Europe in a vessel of the United States navy. It will also add much to the prestige of our navy in foreign lands to have it known that these representatives of an insular nation trusted themselves in one of our war vessels where deep water abounded.

An editor in an Illinois town said in his paper that a rich citizen was going to give each poor family in the place a turkey at Thanksgiving. The editor meant this as a joke, wishing to sneer at the supposed parsimony of the rich citizen, and, to show that he so meant it, he added that he (the editor) would give ten dollars to every family that got a turkey in the way specified. On Thanksgiving-day delegates from thirty families waited upon him and asked him for ten dollars each. The rich citizen had sent the turkeys. The editor could not pay; indeed, one of the charity turkeys had been sent to him.

A respected citizen of Aurora, Indiana, wished to get rid of his dog. He thought he could do it by taking him to New Orleans and leaving him there. The journey was made on a flat-boat, and the dog was deposited at the mouth of the Mississippi River. The owner returned to his home. About three months afterward the dog crawled under the back fence of his yard in Aurora, and sneaked up to the kitchen door. It is reported that the animal looked lank, woe-begone, and hungry, and that by many evidences he had made the whole journey from New Orleans on foot. Aurora and New Orleans are something more than 1600 miles apart. Lest anybody should doubt this story, its truth is vouched for by the dog's owner, who tells it.

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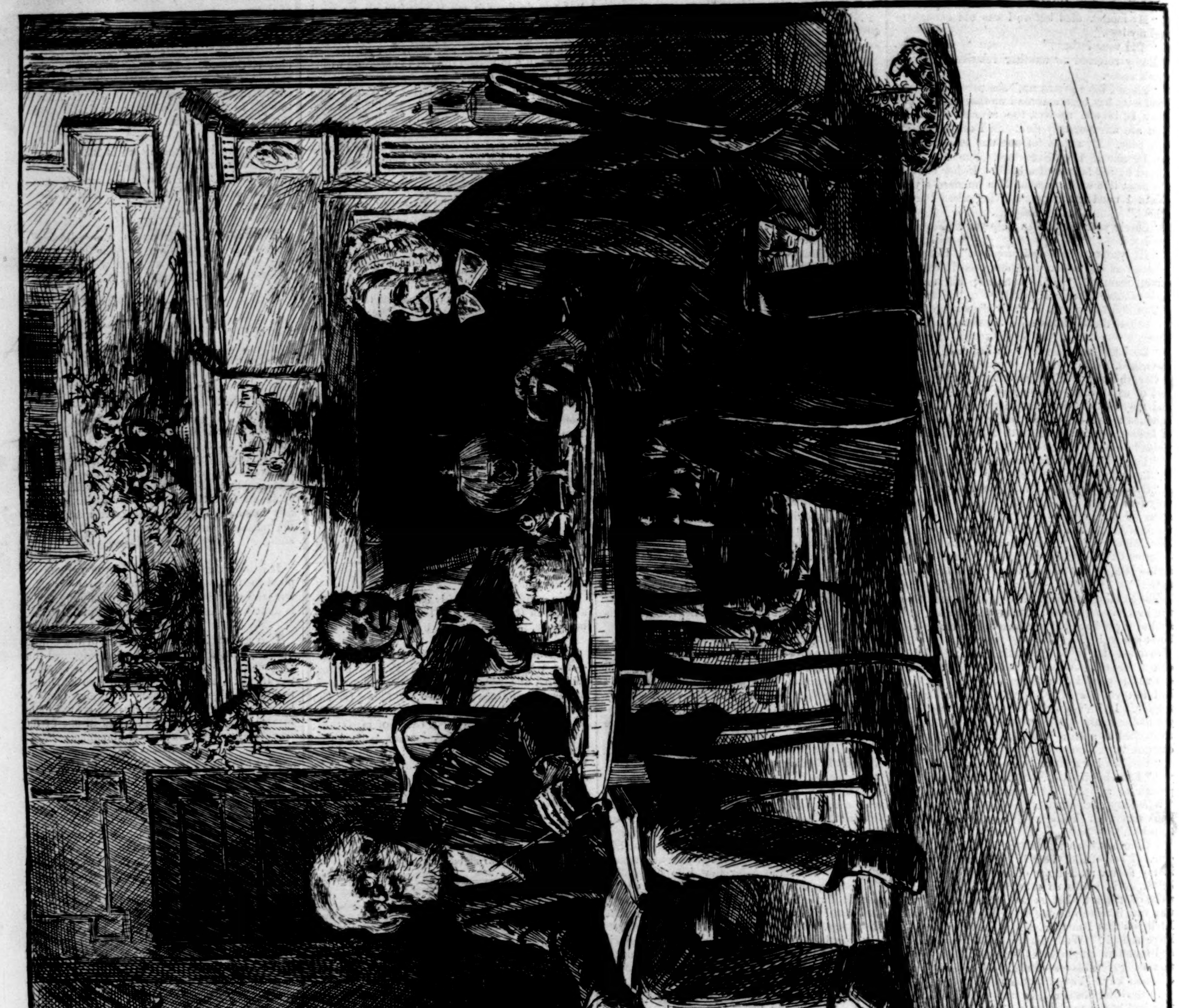

A CHRISTMAS GIFT TO "OLE MARSTER AND MISSUS."—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT IN EGYPT—RETURNING TO CAMP FROM A HUNT.—[SEE PAGE 815.]

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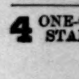

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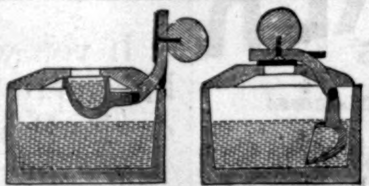

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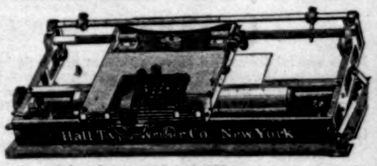

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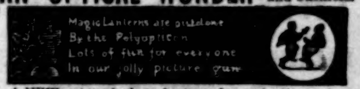

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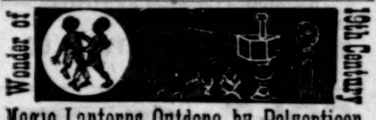

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